

# “The Balaklava Anniversary Festival at the Alexandra Palace: (25<sup>th</sup> October, 1875)”

INCLUDING Soldiers’ Memories of the “Charge of the Light  
Brigade” during the Battle of  
Balaklava.

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by

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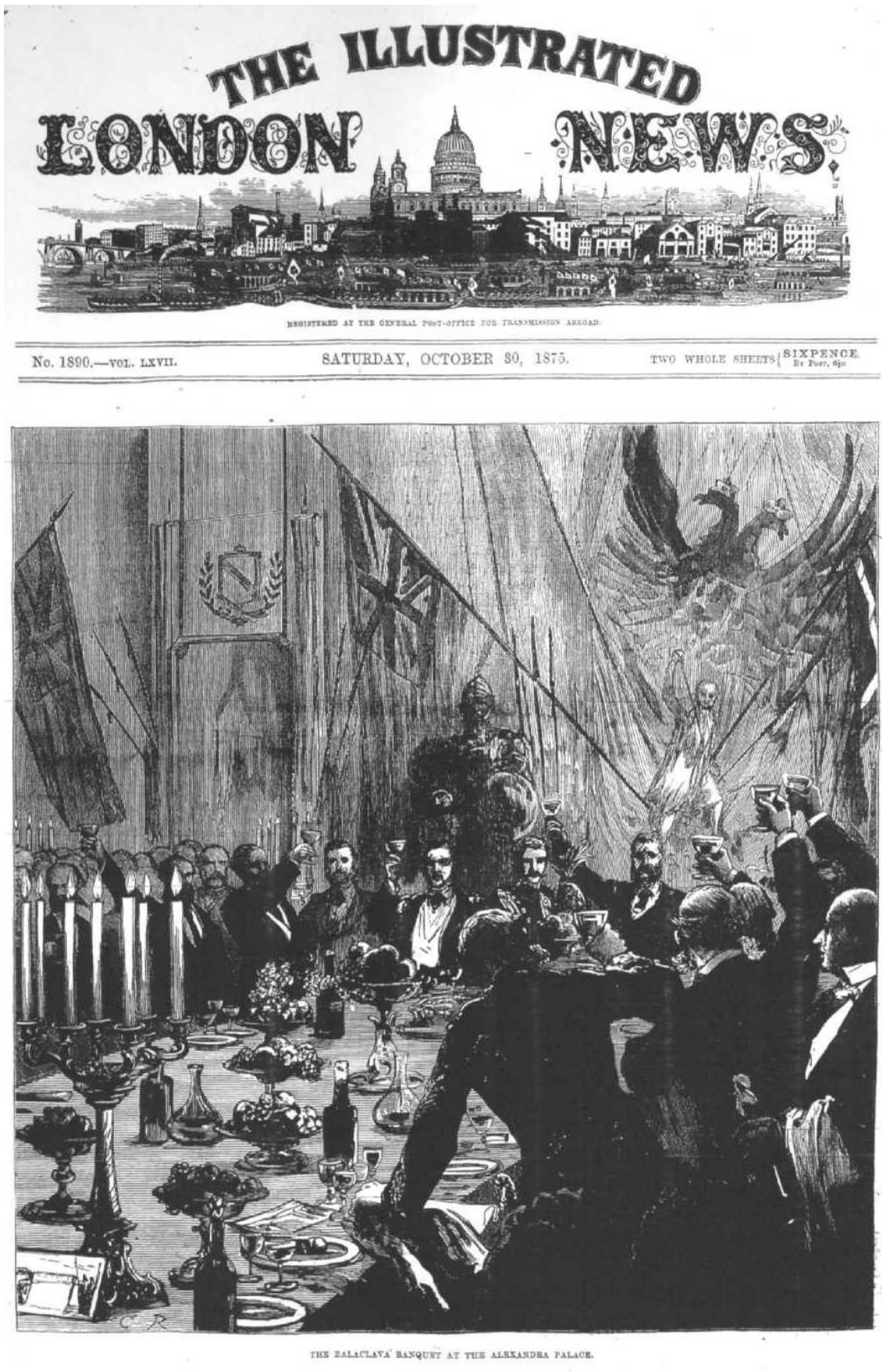
\* These articles were originally printed in connection with the 21<sup>st</sup> Anniversary celebrations of the “Charge”, which took place at the Alexandra Palace, London, on 25<sup>th</sup> October, 1875. Extracts were published in the “Illustrated London News” on 30<sup>th</sup> October, 1875, from which the pictures are reproduced, with permission. This publication gives the full text in the original words and punctuation. The paragraphing has been changed to improve legibility.

SOLDIER'S MEMORIES:-

NAME	REGIMENT	RANK(1854)	PAGE
(Un-named)	17 <sup>th</sup> Lancers	Private?	7
Woodham, Edward	11th Hussars	Private	12
Buckton, John	11th Hussars	Corporal	13
Stanton, William Charles*	(See below)	(See below)	15
Wroots, Thomas	11th Hussars	Private	16
Sheridan, Anthony	8th Hussars	Private	17
Grant, Robert	4th Light Dragoons	Private	18
Connor, Dennis	4th Light Dragoons	Private	20
Nicholson, William	13 th Light Dragoons	Private	20
Bird, William	8th Hussars	Private	20
Ashton, Robert	11th Hussars	Private	22
Joy, Henry	17th Lancers	Trumpet Major	22
Cleveland, Archibald	17th Lancers	Cornet	23
Price, G.A.	4 <sup>th</sup> Light Dragoons	Private	24
Cullen, William	11th Hussars	Private	24
Glendwr, Robert Owen	8th Hussars	Private	25
Vye (Vahey), John	17th Lancers	Private	29

\* This name is not in the available lists (Lummis and Wynn; Brighton). The closest approach is Private William Staden, 870, 11<sup>th</sup> Hussars, not listed as having been in the "Charge", nor in the 1879 revised list of members of the Balaclava Commemoration Society. Neither name is in the list of "other-rank survivors" (p.37). Perhaps the reporter got the name wrong? The status of this long account appears uncertain.

Note: Of 126 "other-rank survivors" attending, 18 are NOT listed as "Chargers" by Terry Brighton in his book "Hell Riders", 2004. Did they charge or not?



“DAILY TELEGRAPH” Sep 30, 1875: p.3.

#### THE BALAKLAVA CHARGE.

A second meeting of the survivors from the charge of the Light Brigade was held last evening at the Prince of Wales's Tavern, Villiers-street, for the purpose of making further arrangements with regard to commemorating that historical feat at the forthcoming banquet, to be held on Oct. 25 next. About thirty of the gallant soldiers were present, including three Greenwich pensioners, the chair being taken by Mr. Woodham, of the 11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussar's.

In opening the proceedings, he referred to the article which recently appeared in The Daily Telegraph, which, he said, had excited the whole of the country, and aroused the patriotism of the nation. (Cheers.) The committee had received letters from all parts of England asking for further information in regard to the matter, while many of their comrades had written as to what funds were at disposal with respect to paying their railway fares if they came to London to be present at the banquet. Offers of pecuniary assistance had been pouring in from all quarters, but the question for them to consider was whether they would accept any money that was tendered. Their earnest desire was not to make it a begging concern - (hear, hear)- for many of them were fortunately in a position to pay the expenses of the dinner, while others were not so circumstanced, and, though desirous of being present, they could not afford the expenses that would thereby be incurred. This was a question that required their careful consideration, for the eyes of the country were upon them — (hear, hear) — and, owing to the kind advocacy of the press, the matter had now assumed very great importance. By some it was thought that they could accept any assistance that might be offered without being derogatory to their interests, especially as the occasion was to commemorate so great and memorable a day in the history of the country. (Cheers.)

In one of the many letters that had been received a gentleman had offered to entertain them at a banquet to be given in Leeds next year. (Applause.) In another letter, written to the editor of The Daily Telegraph, a gentleman of title and a member of Parliament, who withholds his name, stated that he had "no fat buck" to offer them - (laughter) - but that he would be pleased to place at the disposal of the gallant survivors as much champagne as they could drink on the night of the festival to gladden the hearts of those whom England may delight to honour. (Loud cheers.)

A discussion then took place with reference to the business matters before the meeting, and it was resolved that subscriptions should be received from any one who felt disposed to contribute to the funds. A permanent committee was then formed, the chairman of which is Mr. Woodham, and it was agreed that those who wished to be present at the banquet should communicate to the committee. The meeting then stood adjourned for a fortnight.

“DAILY TELEGRAPH” Oct 5th, 1875: p.5.

#### THE BALAKLAVA BANQUET.

Since the idea was mooted of assembling the survivors of the Balaklava Charge at dinner on the 25th inst., the twenty-first anniversary of the event, only eighty have made their existence known to the committee. Of the "noble six hundred" 198 returned, and, therefore, it is believed that the number of survivors is greater than

Eighty and the Committee has 2004 others have yet to be received. Many of the survivors are, fortunately, so circumstanced that they can bear their share in the expense of the banquet but the majority are unable to afford to pay for dinner and for railway fare. It is hoped, however, that the railway companies will convey the gallant men to town free of charge. The place for the meeting will be decided upon at the committee meeting on Wednesday (to-morrow), at the Prince of Wales's Tavern, Villiers-street, Strand. A member of Parliament has kindly offered to provide as much champagne as may be required "to gladden the hearts of those whom England may delight to honour," and his offer has been accepted. Mr. Pennington, the actor, who was in the charge of the Light Brigade, will be present at the dinner, if his engagements permit, and will recite Tennyson's poem.

The chair will be taken by Mr. Woodham, of the 11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars, the chairman of the committee. who has been most energetic in forwarding the preliminary arrangements. If sufficient funds are forthcoming to warrant such a step, the committee desire to invite the company of the Poet Laureate, the French and Russian military attaches, Dr. Russell and other Crimean war correspondents, Miss Nightingale, and Mrs. Creswell, who accompanied one of the brigade regiments in the Bulgarian expedition. We have to acknowledge a donation of £10 from the Countess of Cardigan, widow of the late Earl, who was Colonel of the 11th Hussars and the Major-General commanding the brigade in the charge; one guinea from Mr. J. Turnbull, High-street, Sheffield ; and 5s. from the wife of Thomas Perry, late 8th Hussars.

"DAILY TELEGRAPH" Oct 9th, 1875: p.3.

#### THE BALAKLAVA BANQUET.

We have already stated that Sir Edward Lee, on behalf of the Alexandra Palace Company, had kindly offered to furnish a dinner gratuitously and in the utmost privacy to one hundred men. At a committee meeting, held last night at the Princess of Wales Tavern, Villiers-street, Strand, this offer was cordially accepted. Sir Edward Lee, who was present, said he felt very great pleasure in being at the meeting on that occasion, for it gave him the opportunity of repudiating the idea, prevalent in some minds, that the invitation was given in order that the Alexandra Palace Company might make an exhibition of the men. The directors would regard it as extremely derogatory to their interests if such a thing was thought of, for they had no intention of showing the men in the endeavour to attract the public to the Palace. (Hear, hear.) Yesterday he had the pleasure of seeing Colonel Trevelyan, who was in the charge, and he thought he proved to that gentleman's satisfaction that it was intended the banquet should take place in absolute privacy. He did not mean to say that if any of the gallant heroes came to the Palace with their wives and families they would be debarred from seeing them during the day; but with regard to the dinner that was another matter. It was the intention to provide a number of amusements, but he would certainly promise the men privacy and comfort at their anniversary celebration. (Cheers.)

Mr. WOODHAM thought the explanation perfectly satisfactory, if it were needed at all. The men were very frightened of being made a show of - (hear) - and did not want to provoke a military scandal, if it were possible.

Sir EDWARD LEE said that there was a point of great importance that he wanted to consult them about. It was the object of the company to collect together on that day as many relics of the Crimea, and especially of the Balaklava Charge, as were in existence, in order that they might be exhibited. This, he considered, would form an interesting and attractive feature; and he trusted that if any of the men or any of the public possessed any

such relics that they would lend them for the day, the carriage of which would be willingly borne by the Alexandra Palace Company. Several of the men present spoke to relics that were in their possession, which they immediately promised to lend. Sir Edward Lee said that it was intended also to have a display of fireworks in the evening in honour of the celebration, and that also several military bands who have offered their gratuitous services would be in attendance. With respect to the hour of the dinner, the men were to suit their own convenience.

Mr. WOODHAM mentioned that, with regard to the original arrangements of the banquet, several public singers had offered to gratuitously entertain the men, amongst them being Miss Emily Mott and Mr. Jonghmans. (Hear, hear.) Sir EDWARD LEE stated that the committee were at liberty to accept whom they pleased to sing, it was very possible that some of the officers who were in the charge would dine with the men; if not, they certainly purposed to see the gallant soldiers during the evening. (Cheers.)

Mr. WOODHAM said that most of them no doubt had read the very kind letter from Sir George Wombwell, which appeared that morning in The Daily Telegraph. (Applause.) He was very happy to state that in response to that communication several further subscriptions had been received, amongst them being £5 from Lieutenant-General Lawrenson, who commanded the 17th Lancers in the charge; £5 from Lord George Paget, of the 4th Light Dragoons; and £3 from Major-General De Salis, of the 8th Hussars.

Mr. BIRD proposed and Mr. NICHOLSON seconded a resolution to the effect that a cordial vote of thanks be passed to Sir Edward Lee, and the Board of Directors of the Alexandra Palace Company, for their kind offer, which was also carried, and the proceedings terminated.

We are requested by Mr. Woodham to state that in a few days a printed form, requiring to be filled up, will be forwarded to all the survivors who have corresponded with him; and that full particulars of the forthcoming banquet will be sent at the same time.

We have received the following contributions to this fund: Cold Springs, 2s; Collected in one Compartment on the Great Northern Railway, between Southgate and London, per R.P.S., 10s 6d; £5 from Lord George Paget; £1 1s from J. A. Kilvert, late sergeant-major 11th Hussars, Wednesbury; 5s from E. Ward, Wigmore-street; £1 1s from T. H. Fry, Norway Wharf, Rotherhithe; £1 15s subscribed by the Clerks of the Metropolitan District Railway, per A Clerk; £5 5s from the Directors of the Lion Brewery Company, Lambeth, per T. J. Thompson, secretary; 1s from W. E., Band 3rd Light Dragoons; 10s 6d from J. B. St. C. Crosse, deputy inspector-general of hospitals; and £3 3s from Miss Emily Soldene.

“DAILY TELEGRAPH” Oct 11th, 1875: p.3.

#### THE BALAKLAVA BANQUET.

Communications are received every day from the country from men who were in the memorable charge, and the total number of applications now to hand is 86. In a day or two, when it is supposed that all the applications have arrived, and they have been classified, a correspondence will be opened with the various railways over which the men will have to travel to London. They appear to be scattered all over the United Kingdom, as letters have been received from as far north as Ayr, from Ireland, and many from Lancashire and Yorkshire. Altogether, it is expected that 120 men will muster at the banquet. Sir George Wombwell has written to Colonel Trevelyan that he intends to spend all the evening on the 25th with the men, and he hopes that the other officers will follow his example. Several men have intimated their intention of contributing relics for the apartment in which the banquet will be held, which, as a "Crimean room," will be peculiarly interesting.

Among the letters that have been addressed to Mr. Woodham is one from which we take the following extract:

"I charged on that memorable day, the 25th of October, 1854. Within a few yards of the Russian guns my mare received a grapeshot in the breast; which brought her to mother earth. She fell on my legs, and I could not get my legs from under her side for over ten minutes. When I did, and finding the valley of death getting too hot for me with grapeshot and shell, as they ploughed up the ground under my feet, I thought if I went back the same way I had come I should not have lasted long, so I made up my mind to get out of range of the guns. I crossed the Turkish redoubts close by Canrobert-hill, and when I was on the top I saw some grey horses down the Balaklava road. I made the best of my way, between running and walking, and when I got there they were the horses belonging to the Scots Greys who were wounded in the previous charge. I begged the sergeant-major in charge of them to give me one, so that I might be able to go and join my comrades if there was any left, and share the same fate with them, whatever it might be. He gave me one of the best horses, he said, was in the regiment, on condition that I should return him next day if alive.

I galloped up to where we previously charged from, and there, to my astonishment, found but two officers and thirty men left to tell the tale, which were Captain Morgan and Sir George Wombwell, who had his horse shot, and he, like a brave soldier, had to fight his way out. Captain Morgan's horse had a severe sabre-cut on the nose. He was his favourite charger named Pillbox "

Since the list published in The Daily Telegraph on Saturday, the following further contributions in aid of the fund for the Balaklava commemoration banquet have been received : Lieutenant-General J. Lawrenson, £5 ; Lieutenant-Colonel Inigo W. Jones, £5 ; John Berryman (quartermaster 17th Lancers, and one of the survivors), £5; General de Salis, £3; Colonel Stanley, £1 1s; "20, New Bond-street," £1 1s; Employees of C. R. and Co., 12s; "Not in the Charge", 11s; Timothy O'Neil (late sergeant 4th Dragoon Guards, and one of the Heavies at Balaklava), 10s; J.M.C.H., 5s; A Corporal in the O.Y.C., 5s ; C. S., 2s 6d; Smethwick, 2s 6d; From Wedmore, Somerset, the "Ghost of Shaw, the Life Guardsman, of that place, who beat or killed five French Cuirassiers" sends his mite of 1s for a bit of tobacco for his fighting successors; and also sends greeting to the directors of all the railway companies, with a hint to grant a free pass to all the heroes of Balaklava to meet their comrades."

“DAILY TELEGRAPH” Oct 16th, 1875: p.2.

THE BALAKLAVA BANQUET. HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE CHARGE.  
STORIES FROM THE RANKS.

Now that the general interest in the approaching festival, which is to commemorate the twenty-first anniversary of the famous charge of the Light Brigade, has reached so high a point that all details have value in the eyes of the public, it may be well to recall a few passages from the pages of Mr. Kinglake, the chief historian of the Crimean campaign, and to set them, not for mere sake of contrast, but for such purpose of fullness as may be served by individuality of narrative, against the stories of the men who took part in that courageous deed of arms which, in the memorable judgment of the French General, was magnificent, but was not war. It began, as every one admits, in a blunder — but whose, cannot be determined. Perhaps, as Mr. Kinglake has intimated if not declared, Captain Nolan, who so angered Lord Cardigan by audaciously riding across his front from left to right, turning round in his saddle, shouting, and waving his sword, was aware of the mistake, and was endeavouring to repair it, by showing the madness of going down the North Valley, between flanking fires and with not an enemy in front for the next mile. What Lord Cardigan saw in the aide-de-camp's strange behaviour was a ridiculous and unseemly attempt to excite the brigade, nay to hurry it forward; though he may have been seeking to undo the error of Lord Lucan, and to bend our troops from the path which led down to the fatal North Valley. "But," says Mr. Kinglake, in his magnificent description of the charge, "a Russian shell bursting on the right front of Lord Cardigan, now threw out a fragment which met Nolan full on the chest, and tore a way into his heart. The sword dropped from his hand; but the arm with which he was waving it the moment before still remained high uplifted in the air, and the grip of the practised horseman, remaining as yet un-relaxed, still held him firm in the saddle. Missing the perfect hand of his master, and finding the accustomed governance now succeeded by dangling reins, the horse all at once "wheeled about and began to gallop back upon the front of the advancing brigade. Then from what had been Nolan — and his form was still erect in the saddle, his sword-arm still high in the air — there burst forth a cry so strange and appalling that the hearer who rode the nearest to him has always called it, 'unearthly.' And, in truth, I imagine the sound resulted from no human will, but rather from those spasmodic forces which may act upon the bodily frame when life, as a power, has ceased. The firm-seated rider, with arm uplifted and stiff, could hardly be ranked with the living. The shriek men heard rending the air was scarce other than the shriek of a corpse. This dead horseman rode on till he had passed through the interval of the 13 th Light Dragoons. Then, at last, he dropped out of the saddle.

It is believed by most persons acquainted with the incidents of this unequalled charge that the shell which slew Nolan was the first of the missiles encountered by our squadrons. The Russians, Mr. Kinglake strongly surmises, understood Lord Raglan's order as plainly as if they had seen the paper which Nolan carried, and were ready to conform to its pressure, until they saw it annulled by the advance of our troops down the valley. Soon this fated advance of the Light Brigade had begun "to disclose its strange purpose — the purpose of making straight for the far distant battery which crossed the foot of the valley, by passing for a mile between two Russian forces, and this at such ugly distance from each as to allow of our squadrons

going down under a doubly flanking fire of round shot, grape, and rifle-balls, without the opportunity of yet doing any manner of harm to their assailants. Then, from the slopes of the Causeway Heights on the one side, and the Fedioukine Hills on the other, the Russian artillery brought its power to bear right and left with an efficiency every moment



increasing; and large numbers of riflemen on the slopes of the Causeway Heights, who had been placed where they were in order to cover the retreat of the Russian battalions, found means to take their part in the work of destroying our horsemen. Whilst Lord Cardigan and his squadrons rode thus under heavy cross-fire, the visible object they had straight before them was the white bank of smoke, from time to time pierced by issues of flame, which marks the site of a battery in action; for in truth the very goal that had been chosen for our devoted squadrons — a goal rarely before assigned to cavalry — was the front of a battery — the front of that twelve-gun battery with the main body of Russian cavalry in rear of it, which crossed the lower end of the valley; and so faithful, so resolute, was Lord Cardigan in executing this part of what he understood to be his appointed task, that he chose out one of the guns, which he judged to be about the centre of the battery, rode straight at its fire, and made this, from first to last, his sole guiding star."

At first the fire which the brigade was incurring had not come to be of that crushing sort which mows down half a troop in one instant. "As often as a horse was killed, or disabled or deprived of the rider, his fall, or his plunge, or his ungoverned pressure had commonly the effect of enforcing upon the neighbouring chargers more or less of lateral movement, and in this way there was occasioned a slight distension of the rank in which the casualty had occurred; but in the next instant, when the troopers had ridden clear of the disturbing cause, they closed up, and rode on in a line as even as before, though reduced by the loss just sustained. The movement occasioned by each casualty was so constantly recurring, and so constantly followed by the same process — the process of reclosing the ranks — that to distant observers, the alternate distension and contraction of the line seemed to have the precision and sameness which belong to mechanical contrivance. Of these distant observers there was one — and that, too, a soldier — who so felt to the heart the true import of what he saw, that, in a paroxysm of admiration and grief, he burst into tears. In well-maintained order, but growing less every instant, our squadrons still moved down the valley." A tendency to force the pace was repressed as a fault by Lord Cardigan; and he checked the impatience of Captain White of the 17th Lancers, who commanded the squadron of direction, by laying his sword across that officer's breast, and telling him not to be riding before the leader of the brigade. This was the only occasion of Lord Cardigan's speaking or making sign. "Riding straight and erect," says Mr. Kinglake, "he never once turned in his saddle with the object of getting a glance at the state of the squadrons which followed him; and to this rigid abstinence — giving proof, as such abstinence did, of an unbending resolve — it was apparently owing that the brigade never fell into doubt concerning its true path of duty, never wavered (as the best squadrons will, if the leader for even an instant appears to be uncertain of purpose), and was guiltless of even inclining to any default except that of failing to keep down the pace." The racing spirit had broken out, especially in the first line, some striving to outride their comrades, some determining not to be passed. "In the course of the advance, Lieutenant Maxse, Lord Cardigan's second aide-de-camp, was wounded; and when the line had come down to within about a hundred yards of the guns, Sir George Wombwell the extra aide-de-camp, had his horse killed under him." This did not end the part Sir George was destined to take in the battle; but for the moment, of course, it disabled him and there was no longer any staff officer in the

immediate personal following of the general who led the brigade." Lord Cardigan and his first line had come down to within about eighty yards of the mouths of the guns when the battery delivered a fire from so many of its pieces at once as to constitute almost a salvo. "Numbers and numbers of saddles were emptied, and along its whole length the line of the 13th Light Dragoons and 17th Lancers was subjected to the rending perturbation that must needs be created in a body of cavalry by every man who falls slain or wounded, by the sinking or plunging of every horse that is killed or

disabled, and again by the wild, piteous intrusion of the riderless charger, appalled by his sudden freedom, coming thus in the midst of a battle, and knowing not whither to rush, unless he can rejoin his old troop, and wedge himself into its ranks."

It was at this time in the belief of Lord Cardigan, that, in the 13th Light Dragoons, Captain Oldham, the commander of the regiment, Captain Good, and Cornet Montgomery, and in the 17th Lancers, Captain Winter and Lieutenant Thomson, were killed; and that Captain Robert White, Captain Webb, and Lieutenant Sir William Gordon were stricken down.

"The survivors of the first line who remained undisabled were feeble by, this time, in numbers scarce more than fifty or sixty; and the object they rode at was a line of twelve guns, close supported by the main body of the Russian cavalry, whilst on their right flank as well as on their left there stood a whole mile's length of hostile array, comprising horse, foot, and artillery. But, by virtue of innate warlike passion — the gift, it would seem, of high Heaven to chosen races of men — the mere half of a hundred, carried straight by a resolute leader, were borne on against the strength of the thousands. The few, in their pride, claimed dominion: rushing clear of the havoc just wrought, and, with Cardigan still untouched at their head, they drove thundering into the smoke which enfolded both the front of the battery and the masses of horsemen behind it."

Following the first line, at a somewhat less pace, came the three regiments acting in support, foremost of them being the 11th Hussars. Next came Lord George Paget's regiment, the 4th Light Dragoons; and lastly the 8th Hussars, less one of -its troops. Till Lord George, governed by the exigency of the occasion, but at the same time undesignedly bringing the disposition of the supports to that exact form which his divisional general had intended to order, had aligned himself with the 11th Hussars, the three regiments following the first line were in echelon, the 8th Hussars being last to the right. When this regiment "began to encounter the riderless horses dashing back from the first line, there was created some degree of unsteadiness which showed itself in a spontaneous increase of speed." All three of the supports were, in fact, subjected to trials from which the first line was exempt. They had to witness the havoc that had been made with their comrades in front. "The ground they had to pass over was thickly strewn with men and horses lying prostrate in death, or from wounds altogether disabling." The pathetic description of a battle-horse deprived of his rider is one of Mr. Kinglake's most masterly pictures. "Careless of the mere thunders of guns, he shows plainly enough that he more or less knows the dread accent that is used by missiles of war whilst cutting their way through the air; for, as often as these sounds disclose to him the near passage of bullet or round shot, he shrinks and cringes. His eyeballs protrude. "Wild with fright, he still does not most commonly gallop back into camp. His instinct seems rather to tell him that what safety, if any, there is for him must be found in the ranks; and he rushes at the first squadron he can find, urging piteously, yet with violence, that he, too, by right is a troop-horse — that he, too, is willing to charge, but not to be left behind — that he must and he will 'fall in.' Sometimes a riderless charger thus bent on aligning with his fellows will not be

content to range himself on the flank of the line, but dart at some point in the squadron which he seemingly judges to be his own rightful place, and strive to force himself in. Riding, as it is usual for the commander of a regiment to do, some way in advance of it, Lord George Paget was especially tormented and pressed by the riderless horses which chose to turn round and align with him. At one time there were three or four of these horses advancing close abreast of him on one side, and as many as five on the other. Impelled by terror, by gregarious instinct, and by their habit of ranging in line, they so closed in upon Lord George as to besmear his overalls with blood from the gory flanks of the nearest intruders, and oblige him to use his sword."

Many incidents of the Light Cavalry charge are related by Mr. Kinglake with a power that might fascinate us into quoting them at unconscionable length; but it is pardonable to imagine that the natural, unvarnished tales of the men who took part in that day's deeds may have a charm of their own. Conversation with some of the survivors brings to light much that is full of interest, and we give below without alteration the stories as they have been told. But, before proceeding to this part of our duty, some brief announcements concerning the intended banquet should be made.

At an interview with the military attaché of the French Embassy, Mr. Woodham, secretary of the Balaklava Dinner Fund, offered him an invitation, which was accepted; and it is hoped that the Italian and Turkish Embassies will be similarly represented. As a proof of the interest felt by the French people in the forthcoming celebration, it may be mentioned that General de Cissey, the French Minister of War, before being invited to the banquet, had already taken steps to look after the Chasseurs d'Afrique who were present at the charge, and who still survive. Great satisfaction is expressed by the French Army with the kindly recollection of their old comrades in arms.



THE BALKATA CHARGE.—ENGRAVED BY MR. JOHN HILTON, A.S.A. FROM THE ORIGINAL SKETCH.

Here follow some of the narratives of Englishmen who rode in the ranks on that memorable day, the 25th of October, 1854.

Edward R. Woodham, the chairman of the committee, who has been indefatigable in his exertions to promote the success of the banquet, gives the following as his experience of the charge: The colonel of my regiment, the 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own), was Sir Roger Palmer, Captain Cresswell being the next in command, but he had died of cholera previous to the Battle of Balaklava. Every morning we used to turn out a little before daybreak, and stand by our horses heads in the expectation of an attack from the enemy. On the 25th October, 1854, when the fatal order was given, we were in support of the Turkish redoubts, being ranged on the plain just behind them. We could not see the Russians advancing, as we were on the brow of the hill, but we saw the Turks driven out of the redoubts, and run towards the 93rd Highlanders, who were near to the village of Balaklava. We retired from the position that we had previously held when the Russians captured the redoubts, the French at that time firing over our heads at the enemy. Meanwhile, the Russian cavalry had advanced into the plain fronting Balaklava. We stood watching the Highlanders and the Heavy Brigade drive back the Russians, after which we advanced a little to the top of the valley leading down to Tchernaya. Suddenly the order came from Lord Raglan, who was on the height above, for us to advance. I imagined I observed some of the officers protesting against the order. We advanced a short distance at a walking pace. The man next to me was named Wootten, an unsophisticated West-countryman, and when the order was given to move, he says to me, "Ted, old fellow, I know we shall charge." I recollect looking round and replying, "Oh nonsense! Look at the strength in front of us. We're never going to charge there." Presently we got into a gallop, and then all was excitement. I remember looking at poor Wootten and saying, "Yes, we're going to charge, and with a vengeance, too." We increased in speed at every stride, and went down the valley at a terrific rate. "Did you see anything more of your comrade?" — No, poor fellow ; he was shot down almost instantly, and I had the melancholy duty of reporting his death to his bereaved widow and family. Well, to proceed. The scene that presented itself as we proceeded was indescribable; from all sides the bullets came flying, and many a man had his arm shot off, while our gallant comrades were falling from their horses in all directions. A battery on our right was firing shell, but we were galloping at such a pace that we had time to get away before the shells burst, and of course that, in a great measure, saved many of us from being wounded or killed.

"Did you commence slaughtering the Russian gunners at once?" — Well, as soon as we reached the guns the men began dodging by getting under them, and for a time they defended with the rammers; but it was no contest - they had no chance with us, and we cut them down like ninepins. Of course we captured the battery and many of our men dismounted to spike the guns. "The cavalry carried spikes then?" - Oh, yes ; each man had spikes in his pouch. All the cavalry regiments were supplied with gun spikes whenever there was any likelihood of a battle. We had no hammers, but drove the spikes in with the hilt of our swords or our hands — in any way we could. "Did you escape uninjured?" — Providentially I did. At one time, however, I thought it was all up with me. Near to the end of the valley my horse was shot under me, and it fell with my left leg under it, so that I could not move; but happily I was afterwards released. "How was that?" — A corporal of the 13th Light Dragoons rode up and commenced pulling at my horse's head, thinking it was not dead. And so it proved, for the animal gave a bit of a struggle, which I took advantage of, and regained my

feet. All then was smoke and confusion, and all of our men that I could see were cutting right and left, and making their way back to camp.

"What did you do without a horse?" — Well, I began running away as hard as I could, when a soldier belonging to the 8th Hussars, who was lying under his horse shouted; to me, "For God's sake, man, don't leave me here." At this time the firing from the guns was incessant — indeed it was murderous; still I returned and strove hard to release him, but without effect, the horse being dead. The enemy at this time were coming up the valley, and killing the wounded on their march, so I said to the man, "It's no use my stopping here; we shall both be killed." The poor fellow said something in reply, but I don't recollect it now. I then reluctantly left him to his fate, and joined three or four of my comrades who, like myself, had been unhorsed, and were trying to escape on foot. To facilitate our retreat, we threw away everything that in the least encumbered us; even our "busbies" we pitched, on one side - in fact, we retained nothing except our sword-blades, and those we carried for our defence. "Did not the Russians pursue you?" — Well, the enemy, seeing us together, concentrated a heavy fire upon us; and, in order that the gunners might direct their attention to something else, we lay flat down, and they did not pursue us further. Shortly afterwards I espied a riderless horse, belonging to the 17th Lancers, which I succeeded in capturing by seizing hold of its bridle, and mounting it, I rode at full gallop to the top of the valley, when I handed it over to the regiment to which it belonged. The valley presented a fearful scene at this time. Our poor fellows lay moaning and groaning everywhere, but with the greater number the bullets had told their tale. Those who had escaped were making their way, some on foot and some mounted, with wounded and limping horses, as best they could, to the high road that divided the two armies. All those who were able at once formed, and it was a dreadful sight to see the havoc that had been made. Soon afterwards I met Trumpeter Smith, one of the survivors, whose horse I had to attend to. I asked him where his horse was, when he told me that it had been killed. I replied, "Well, it's not such a bad field after all; it was the first I was ever in where there was no horse to clean." This was not said as a joke, for I assure you there was nothing to joke about then. We were all too serious, thinking of our poor dead and absent friends.

John Buckton, late sergeant in the 11th Hussars, and now "viewer" in the Government Clothing Stores, Grosvenor-road, Pimlico, says: I was a private in the C troop of the 11th Hussars. Colonel Douglas and Captain Peel had charge of the regiment. It is a long time since the morning we made our charge, but I remember it well and painfully. As usual, we had been out since daylight. It was not a particularly cold morning, but it was rather foggy. We had been standing for hours by our horses, when I saw Lord Lucan give a paper to Lord Cardigan. — Did you apprehend its purport? — Well, we could see the guns in position, but we had no idea that we, the Light Brigade, would be ordered to take them without being supported by infantry. Of course we did not know what to think of it, and of course we got ready to obey. I don't recollect whether we tightened the girths of our horses. I fancy we did not. You know there were six redoubts, three of which the Russians had taken from the Turks. My description of the locality is that there was a valley and hills right and left, and at the end of the valley — "The Valley of Death," you know — were the guns which we were ordered to seize. I should tell you that the regiments were arranged at our start in three lines — or rather, I may say, two lines and half a line. That is, two regiments in the first line, two in the second and one, I think, behind. The valley was not wide enough for us to go in one line. We went off at a trot, and at first we did not

see much; but we soon found what we were in for. We saw great numbers of cavalry and infantry at the rear of the guns, whilst on each side of the valley there were skirmishers who, as soon as they could, began to pepper us. I can give you no proper idea of what we

did when we reached the Cossacks. Bullets fell thick and heavy amongst us — indeed, it seemed as if every man of us was doomed to destruction. However, we were not idle. We fought desperately, and many a Russian fell to rise no more. Their gunners we cut and hacked in every way, and but very few minutes elapsed before we had captured the guns. My horse was shot near the girth, and so near my leg that my trousers were covered with blood. Then your horse fell with you? — No, he kept up bravely, but every now and then I felt he gave a sort of jerk or quiver in his side, and I fully expected I should lose him. He took me back home, though, but he was shot in the camp the next morning. I also got a shot in the cloak rolled on the horse's back in front of me. So you see I was altogether very fortunate. Were your men in anything like order when you got to the guns? — Not the slightest; every man was for himself. We were all higgledy-piggledy, but fighting more like devils than men. We were being cut up in a dreadful way, and we could not stand it. An order was given by one of the colonels to retire, but I could not say who it was. Did you see the Polish Lancers? - Yes, on our way back from the Tchernaya river, whither we had driven the Russians. We saw, as we thought, the 17th Lancers, and we were going to retire under them, but we found that they were the Polish Lancers, who had been stationed to cut our retreat right off. On our way down the valley they had been behind a hill on our left, and now they had emerged, and formed a line right in our front. How we got through them I don't exactly know, but certainly I don't think they opened purposely for us to pass. Our poor fellows — the mere handful that were left of them — hurrahed and halloed as loudly as they could, and they apparently had an effect upon the Polish horsemen, for it was evident their horses had not, like ours, been trained to withstand the noise and din of battle; and when they heard the British "hurrahs" and saw our brave fellows rushing towards them at such a mad pace, they became restless and turned round and about and before they could form again in any kind of way our men had bobbed through their ranks and were scampering up the hill before them. It was at this moment that the Russian guns re-opened fire on friend and foe alike. It was our belief that they thought the Lancers were clear out of the way, but such was not the case, and several of their horsemen fell.

Did the Lancers use their weapons? — Some of them pricked with their lances at our men as they passed, but they did not do much harm, owing to the fright and the manner in which our men had surprised them. The Chasseurs d'Afrique came to our assistance after we had passed the Polish Lancers.

By what were the English wounded? — Mostly with swords, but the shots did the mischief. It would take a good blow with a sword to kill a man, but a shot does it at once. When we reached the guns we had nothing but the Russian cavalry to contend with, sword to sword; but all the way down the artillery and infantry, especially the latter, had slaughtered us terribly.

Did the van get much the worse of it? — No, I think we all shared about alike. Of course, a cannon-ball would not be stopped by the first man it hit.

What did you do when you did get back — that is, the few of you that were left? - Well, we shook hands with one another as if we had been away for a long time. Our fellows looked pretty warm, I assure you, and their horses were puffing from the gallop uphill. The chargers, however, did not appear at all frightened, but stood, when formed up, as calmly as ever they did on a field day. I was 23 years of age at the time. I served twelve years in the army — from Nov., 1848, to Nov., 1860, and

because I joined under what was then called the "New (or twelve year) Act," I have never received a halfpenny of pension. What really happened, in a few words, was this: The Russians shot at us from the right and the left of the valley on our way to take guns from - what we thought — thousands of cavalry at the end of the valley, and they did the same thing on our way back. Try and imagine it.

The following is from the lips of William Charles Stanton: Well, you must know that twenty-one years is a long time to remember the incidents connected with such a memorable charge, but I'll try and recall what I know of the matter. We had done nothing worth speaking about in regard to fighting for some time previous to the day on which the Light Brigade so distinguished themselves. On the 24th October, 1854, we had been in readiness all the evening, expecting a night attack, for during the day we had heard the guns some distance off. At the dawn of morning we turned in to get breakfast and feed our horses; but before all of us were out of the saddle, the guns again began to fire, and we were ordered out again directly. Most of us had not time even to get a bit to eat, and the majority of us rode to the guns on empty stomachs. Having formed on the plain, we started, and came over a range of hills near Inkerman Valley, the Heavy Brigade being on the opposite side, about a mile from us — we could not exactly tell the distance — and they had previously repulsed the Russian cavalry. We had no idea at the time that we were about to charge, but it appeared very evident to us soon afterwards, when we saw the Russians.

The order came in the first place from Lord Raglan, who was at the time so situated that he could not see what effect it would have. When Captain Nolan commanded us to ride for the guns, we were all puzzled, and did not at first understand the order; but Captain Nolan, repointing to the guns, said that we must capture them. We could all very well understand that there was a mistake made somewhere, for every one of us could see how impossible it was for us to attack nearly the whole of the Russian army with only about 600 men. But it was not our place to argue the matter, so we simply obeyed. The Russians had cavalry enough to swallow us all up if they chose. We advanced in three lines. The first line comprised the 13th Light Dragoons and the 17th Lancers, and at the head rode Lord Cardigan, along with Captains Morris, Webb, Oldham, Good, and Jennings, Sir William Gordon, and Sir George Wombwell. In the second line were the 11th Hussars and the 4th Light Dragoons, commanded respectively by Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas and Lord George Paget; while bringing up the rear was the third line, composed of the 8th Hussars, at the head of which rode Lieutenant-Colonel Shewell. The day was fine, and a very favourable one for a battle. As soon as we commenced to move, the enemy, who were on the right and left of us, began to fire, and kept it up during the whole of the ride; while the guns of the Russians in front of us, which we were sent to capture, were also fired. Very soon the shot and shell that were poured in upon us began to have a visible effect on our number, weakening the lines to an alarming extent. Our lines were literally cut through by the enemy's firing, and I witnessed twelve horses fall at one time by cannon-shot. We had carbines with us, but we never fired a shot — our order was only to capture the guns. There was not much time to think; the command had come upon us suddenly, and we were ready to do or die. At every stride saddles were being emptied, or horses were shot from under the men. Many of the men who had been dismounted and wounded got ridden over; for in the exciting charge this could not be helped. In that fatal ride no description could properly convey the awful sight that was presented. We were galloping as fast as our horses could go to keep in line together; and during the time it took to reach the

you had not much thought of anything around you. As we rode down the valley I overheard no conversation pass between the men; I believe the officers gave words of command, but in the din and confusion nothing definitely could be heard. The trumpets sounded the charge, and after this the officers' or anyone's orders could not this be heard unless you were close to them. The only thing was, to look before you to see what there was to do. The man who goes into a charge of this sort, you know, cannot tell half what he ought, and could give but a poor description of the scene.

Just as we were close to the guns several of our officers got wounded, amongst them being Captain Morris, Sir William Gordon, and Captain Jennings. Sir George Wombwell was taken prisoner, and afterwards escaped. I believe he was in the hands of the Cossacks at the time, but was only a prisoner for a few minutes. He was a young and an active officer — a lieutenant at that time - and whilst the Cossacks were otherwise engaged he managed to get away from them and caught a horse which was passing near to him and mounting it thus effected his escape. Directly we got to the guns we found that we were a mixed company; but I believe the 8th Hussars kept their line all through. Men were pushing eagerly forward in their anxiety to go to the front. As soon as we reached the guns we killed many gunners, and afterwards attacked the Russian cavalry, who gave way. Some of the Light Brigade pursued them for some distance towards Tchernaya Bridge, but these poor fellows never returned. Of course, those of our men who went after the cavalry were all killed, for they had no chance with nearly the whole of the Russian army, who were behind the guns, upon them.

The Russian cavalry did not seem at all inclined to fight; they wondered what on earth we were going to do; and on the following day, when a flag of truce was sent to the enemy by Sir Colin Campbell, they asked what was the matter with the Light Brigade, wanting to know whether they were drunk or mad, or words to that effect, to make such a charge. We held the guns for a time, but were soon ordered to return, or there would have been but few of us left. We retired as best we could, mixing ourselves up in other regiments; and to the noble Chasseurs d'Afrique we owe a good deal, for they charged the Russian Horse Artillery, who wore on the left of us as we went down the valley, and drove them away, so that, in returning, we had not to run the risk of their deadly shot. By this means many lives were saved. When we returned from where we started, our hearts were almost too full to speak. It was a sad cut-up for us to see so many poor fellows missing, and many anxious inquiries were made after comrades, for there was such a sprinkle of us who had returned.

Thomas Wroots, an inmate of the Chelsea Hospital says: I was a private in the D troop of the 11th Hussars under Captain Douglas and Captain Dallas. Was anything said when the order was given to Lord Cardigan? — Well, I did not say anything. I thought more than I said. There was no time to say anything. I was right in the centre of the squadron. Just after we started I got pushed out — that is, me and my mare got pushed out of the line. I cried out, "Let me come up - let me come up." Just then the Russians commenced firing, and in half a second there was room enough for an omnibus to come up. The charge was a regular "Derby." I was near a man named Morton at one time. He was wounded in the right arm, and the pain was so great that he shrieked out fearfully. He asked me to undo his sword knot so as to pull his sword off and thus get his arm clear, but something, I can't tell exactly what, just then happened, and I had to ride on, for there was death all round. Another man near me was shot in the left side, and I should think he rode fifty yards, then all at once he tumbled to his left and came down on the ground like a lump of clay — just like a lump of clay, that is the only description I can give of it. His charger, like many others, galloped away. These things happened on the way down. There was too much confusion to say what did take place at the guns. You



may depend upon it we had to do something, or, else not a soul of us ever would have got away. One of the things I remember was that some of the horses without riders held back, some went forward like mad, and some followed us right in. I recollect in our retreat hearing Lord George Paget say, "For God's sake, 11th and 4th, do halt, and show them a front" — that is when they were peppering us from the right and left. Some one said, "There's the Lancers; let us go and form on them, and we will show them a good front." In place of that it turned out to be a Polish regiment of Lancers. We got near them, but they did not seem to stir. I saw one fellow, however, run up behind one of our sergeants — I think his name was Hudson - and catch him right in the middle of the back with his lance. He was not killed then; the ambulance brought him in afterwards, but he soon died. I saw the captain of the Lancers quite plain. He said something to his men, and they all turned threes right, and took up their places. It was then that their own artillery fired into them. We got past them, and my belief is they took pity on us and let us pass them without touching us. We were "beauties," being covered with blood, dirt, and grime when we got back again. Every man that Cruikshank, one of our officers, met, he gave a glass of grog to.

Anthony Sheridan, an Irishman, also a Chelsea pensioner, with two medals on his breast, one English and the other Turkish, says: I fought at Sebastopol, Inkerman, Balaklava, and Alma. I belonged to the E troop of the 8th Hussars, under Colonel Shewell and Captain Lascelles. I went out with the 8th from Portsmouth, and I came back with them. We were under Lord Cardigan, and a pluckier soldier never drew a sword. — "Be good enough to tell me your experience of the charge," — Well, I dare say you know as much about that as I can tell you. However, you must know that we had been expecting something of the kind for several days. On the morning of that memorable day we stood with our horses saddled ready for any emergency. Lord Raglan and his staff were on the hills above us, surveying the Russians with their field-glasses, when they saw, as I supposed, the cowardly Turks leave their guns in the redoubt, and run for their lives. There were five guns left, and each one was loaded and not spiked when the Russians got up to them. Presently Captain Nolan, riding a horse of the 13th Light Dragoons, came up with a paper from Lord Raglan, and we imagined at once that we were to move. The order was for the 1st Division to charge on the guns left by the Turks, in order, as I suppose, that we might recover them from the enemy. Captain Nolan's words were, so it was reported, "My lord, charge on those guns." I know when I heard the order given at first I said, "God forgive me, but every man must do his duty." Well, we merely trotted at first, but when we came within cannon shot we put our horses into a canter.

Captain Nolan, unfortunately, was killed before we got to the redoubt. The Russians met us with a heavy cannonade. They had fired the five guns left by the Turks, so that when we got to the redoubt we found that it was empty, for the Russians had limbered up the guns and taken them to where their heavy artillery and main body were stationed, a mile further on. My opinion is that when we found the guns had been removed we ought to have stopped ; but poor Nolan was not there to explain matters, and somehow or other, the devil being in us, I suppose for fighting - our officers being all brave men, and I can't blame any of them - we went full gallop at the enemy. It was almost dark, with smoke and fog, and you did not know where

you were until you ran against a Cossack. You know your blood soon gets warm when you are fighting, and it didn't take us long to find out that we had nothing to do but to give them a point as good as their cut. I got a cut with a sword on the forehead at the guns. It was not much, but it has left this scar here (pointing to his forehead). I remember it now. It was

fearful. We were cut and shot at in all directions, and it was each man for himself. People ask me sometimes if I killed any one, but I'm not going to tell them, though I gave the Cossacks a great deal more than I got. If those Lancers had hemmed us in, it would have been all up with us. I was in the second line going out, but there were no lines coming in. As we were returning we saw the French on our left, whilst the Guards were coming up from Inkerman. It was a melancholy sight to see our poor fellows lying dead and dying all around us. I saw Lord Fitzgibbon, who was mortally wounded, pull out his purse and offer it to any one of us who would dismount and accept it, as his lordship did not like it to get into the hands of the Russians; but, lor! we did not think of money at such a moment as that. Life and honour were more precious to us than money, so I suppose the Russians got the English gold after all. Our men were heroes indeed. There was not a coward in the whole brigade. I remember a man of the 17th Lancers riding to the charge in a curious dress. - What was that? - He was a butcher, and that morning was employed slaughtering cattle for the commissariat. When the order was given he rushed from his work, and said he'd be d-----if his regiment was going without him. Attired in a blood-bespattered smock-frock, he ran after and caught a stray horse, and then pulling over his head a red cap, something like those worn by foreign sailors, he took his place in the ranks, and amidst the laughter and jeers of his comrades dashed ahead. He was a big powerful fellow. I have forgotten his name, but he was seen doing good service amongst the Russians, who were evidently puzzled to understand to what corps he belonged.

Robert Grant, another pensioner in Chelsea Hospital, says: I was a private in the F troop of the 4th Light Dragoons. Lord G. Paget was our colonel, and there was also Captain Portal. I had been out all night with Major Halkett, of the 4th, visiting outlying pickets. There was a mounted picket of the 17th Lancers on a large hill - I think it was called Canrobert's Hill - and we also saw the Turkish sentries who were posted on the road. They told Major Halkett that the Russians were in the valley below, and he reported the fact during the night to the Brigade Major. When Halkett came in all the camp fires were ordered to be extinguished. The men of the Light Brigade had to turn out early in the morning, or rather to stand to their horses. We had not been allowed to undress on that as on other nights, but had been kept ready for orders. We had oftentimes been turned out for nothing, and that vexed us. "Were the men anxious to get at the enemy, then?" — Yes; it was their general talk and feeling. They wished to have the war decided promptly and their desire was to get to close quarters as soon as possible. Well, the order came about eleven o'clock in the morning, and we were soon off in a trot. "Did the men express any surprise at such an order being given?" - No; we had every confidence in our generals and officers. We knew they had a better knowledge of what the Russians were doing than we. They had field glasses and numbers of spies to give them information, so that we thought the order was given for the best. In the early part a peculiar thing occurred. A shot came over a hill and dropped on the neck of a horse belonging to a man named Gowens. The shot cut the horse's head off as cleanly as if it had been done with a knife. The horse stood for a moment and then dropped. Gowens got on to a spare horse, and in a few minutes afterwards this horse's head was also shot clear away.

It was the artillery did this - it played fearful havoc with our horses. "Was not Gowens hurt?" — Not a bit of it. The shot fell eight or nine inches behind the first horse's ears, and it took his head off as clean as a whistle.

"Were any orders given to halt at any time when you were going down the valley?" - We halted once for a short time near the road. The Russians saw us. They did not fire, but they were ready for us. They had man-holes - and I mean holes in which a man could stand without being seen. We could only see their heads at the best, and from these holes they fired on us all the way down, and I remember there was also a little trench flung up with green boughs. We soon saw the full force of the Russians. We got the squadron in quarter-distance, and that is the way we charged. All was confusion at the guns. Some of the men got down to cut the traces, but each man had to fight for his own life. "They were not, I suppose, told off for the purpose?" — No; but every man did as he liked. "Can you remember any incident of the charge?" — Well, something funny took place. I saw two or three old Russians on horses. I don't know what they looked like. They were quite old men. They appeared to be paralysed, and they did not seem pleased, and they did not look sorry. They were quiet and still. I put my sword against one of their faces and said, "What do you want here, you old fools?" I would not touch them. "That was chivalry, certainly. What made you 'spare the weaker knights'?" — They were poor harmless fellows, who, as I thought, were obliged to be there. They were not volunteers, but old men who would have given all they had in the world to be somewhere else. They were not the right men in the right place, so I left them and turned my horse on to the young and strong, who were using their swords most vigorously. There were too many likelier sort of fellows about to touch without attacking those poor old cripples.

Our officers had revolvers, and they did great execution with them. The privates had not revolvers. Those revolvers did great service. In fact, the officers altogether did a great deal more service than the men, because of the revolvers. Many of the Cossacks got shot foolishly like, for after one discharge they thought it was all over, but the revolver had several barrels. Those Cossacks were all for plunder, and they tried to surround our officers, but they got knocked down with the shots. I gave one man a "nick" between his shako and the top of his jacket. He fell, but I do not know whether I killed him. I can't remember whether he sang out at all, but he did not trouble me again. "Did you see the Lancers, about whom so much has been said?"

— I thought the Lancers were our Lancers, and I got close to them, but they did not stir. They were great cowards, and I heard from our prisoners afterwards that they were disbanded. I was actually going round to form on their flank, but devil a one stirred. I had passed them some distance when my horse was shot under me. He was hit in the hind quarter. His belly was cut open, and his legs were broken. The shot came from a cannon that had a low sweep, and it struck him in the thick of the thigh. My leg was covered with blood. I could not get free from him for some time. Captain Portal passed, and said to me, "D— you, get up; never mind your horse;" but I replied, "I can't, for he's lying on me." A private named Macgregor, of our regiment, however, came to my assistance. He asked me to get behind him on his horse, but I was not able, as I could not use my leg. I managed to find my way by some mystery at last to the camp, and they had pretty well all got home. I made the forty-fifth man of our troop who returned, and we went out with 185 men. It was worse coming back than going, for we did not know where we were. Lord George Paget thanked us all, as we reformed on the hill, saying, "Well, my brave fellows, I am thankful to see you back again." The Russians were afraid to follow us up the hill; for if they had they would have had it hot from our artillery, who were ready for them.

Dennis Connor, another of the Chelsea Pensioners, states as follows: I was in the 4th Light Dragoons (now the 4th Hussars), under Lord George Paget. We were drawn up ready on the morning of the charge. All were perfectly cool and collected. When the order

was given I heard the men chaffing each other. One would tell another that he "would lose the number of his mess that day," meaning that he would be shot; others said, "Here goes for victory!" whilst others declared they would have Russian biscuits for dinner. Lord George led our line gallantly. There was no sign of flinching, but he made us laugh as he kept drawling out in his own peculiar tone "Now, then, men, come on," and on we went certainly. I saw Gowen's horse shot.

The animal staggered, turned round two or three times, and fell. I was one of those who tried to cut the traces of the Russian guns. I used my pocket-knife, but I found that within the leather were chains of steel. Our officers did more service with their revolvers than we could with our carbines. They fired five shots to our one, and that seemed to alarm the Russians. I don't think we were away from our first position on the hill more than twenty minutes, and that included charge and all. The enemy retired in confusion when the charge was made. They could not reform their line.

We took some prisoners and exchanged them afterwards for our own men. When we returned we had a bottle of grog from the canteen, whilst Captain Cruikshank gave a glass of rum to each man who passed by him. I can corroborate everything that Corporal Grant has said. The Polish Lancers did follow us a little way up the hill, but they were cowards, and turned back again.

Mr. Nicholson narrates: My version of the story can be told in a few words. The regiment I was in was the 13th Light Dragoons. Captain Oldham was in command, and he was shot in the charge. We knew that the order given was a blunder, and when we started we never expected to come back alive. About half-way down the valley we could scarcely see one another, because, the ground being at the time very dry, the horses' hoofs and the shot and shell that were fired ploughed the ground making the air thick with dust and smoke. In consequence of this we could not see the enemy till we were close to them. Nothing was said by the men as they rode down the valley; but several times Lord Cardigan called out, "Keep together, men; keep steady." When we got to the guns everything seemed in such confusion that we hardly knew what we were about. The Russians retired from the guns, and were pursued by some of us down to the river Tchernaya, into which many of the enemy were driven in their confusion. About 100 yards from the guns my horse was shot under me, and I afterwards succeeded in capturing another, which was riderless, and joined the 11th Hussars, with which regiment I returned from the charge.

I received a lance-wound in the side, and was also hurt by portions of shells striking me in the face, the scars from which I shall carry to my grave. At the time, owing to excitement and one thing and another, you don't feel the wounds that you receive; but when your blood has cooled down a bit, and you are in a calmer frame of mind, you begin to feel the wounds. The Chasseurs d'Afrique did signal service to us in covering our retreat, and when we arrived at the top of the valley we were well-received by our comrades, many of whom, however, wore a sad expression on their faces. Being wounded, I was afterwards conveyed, with a number of others, in the ambulance van and shipped to Scutari.

William Bird, belonging to the 8th Hussars, who composed the third line of the charge, says: Colonel Shewell commanded the regiment, the next in command being Captain Tompkinson. The comrade who covered me was Tom Hefferan; he

had only come up from the hospital at Scutari two days before, and, poor fellow, was very ill. As soon as we began to charge he said, "By God, boys, do you have this firing every morning?" I answered, "This was nothing to what we generally have," little thinking what it would lead to. I remember that he and Sergeant-Major M'Clure were the first I saw killed. Both of them, I believe, were shot through the head, and immediately fell from their horses; I never saw them again. Opposite the second battery, on the right of us, I lost my first horse, which was shot dead; but by a skilful movement, I landed on my feet, and was not hurt. Shortly afterwards I caught a stray horse, which was riderless, belonging to the Scots Greys, and rejoined my troop. My feelings as I went down the valley were principally that of intense excitement — a sort of sensation of madness. At the bottom of the valley we halted some time, wondering what to do. I heard Lieutenant Phillips shout to Colonel Shewell, "The Lancers are cutting off our retreat!" to which Colonel Shewell replied, "No, Phillips; it's the 17th coming to our relief." Immediately afterwards I heard Lord George Paget call out, "Where is the General?" Colonel Shewell answered that he did not know. Lord George then said that we had better take our regiments back as best we could. Colonel Shewell, having wheeled us about, said, "Every man for himself, and God for us all. Go into them, men!" We then made for the Lancers of the enemy, and they opened their lines for us to pass, but we did not feel inclined to go through. I did not think it was a trap for us, but there was a sort of feeling of devilment or courage in us at the time, and we would not avail ourselves of their opening, but cut our way past their right and left flanks. In this charge my second horse, which had been shot, fell on my left leg, and I remained on the ground until relieved from my painful position by some of the enemy's soldiers.

When I found I could not move my leg from under my horse, I got thought it was all over with me, because I had heard that the Russian soldiers were very barbarous, and killed all their prisoners; but to my agreeable surprise they ordered me to accompany them, with several other of my comrades, to the bottom of the valley, where we were assured by a Russian officer that we were in the hands of Christians, and would be taken care of. I had received a bullet wound through the calf of the right leg, and a lance wound in the arm. The Russians kept me a prisoner for twelve months. On the following morning — the 26th October, 1854 — in company with a number of other prisoners, I was brought before General Liprandi, the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army. He asked us what amount of brandy had been served out to us that morning. We replied that we had had neither brandy nor victuals of any kind, telling him that we were very hungry. The General then ordered his aide-de-camp to see that our wants were attended to, and we afterwards obtained some beautiful white bread and German sausage. While appeasing our hunger we were surrounded by the Russian soldiers, and some of them gave us some apples.

According to Gen. Liprandi's orders we obtained also some native drink, which they call vodka. We had handed to us also some marching clothes, and afterwards marched up the country to Voronetz, which took us from three to four months to accomplish through a severe Russian winter. Our treatment from the higher class of Russians was of a very kind character, but the peasantry behaved to more like brutes than Christians, and our privations were great. At Voronetz, Mr. Catlin, an English merchant, took charge of me, he undertaking to be responsible for my body; and during the three months I was with him he treated me most kindly. At the expiration of this time a Russian officer fetched me, and I was exchanged with my fellow prisoners at Odessa, and rejoined my regiment in the Crimea.

Robert Ashton, of the 11th Hussars, says: The name of my officer was Colonel Douglas, and the captain of the troop Major Cooke. I was present at the Turkish campaign, and was through the whole of the Crimean war, and I never received a single wound. I had two horses shot under me and on one occasion my busby was shot off my head. I certainly consider myself very fortunate. On the day preceding the renowned charge we had been waiting all night in expectation of an attack, and knew that the Heavy Brigade had been engaged in a skirmish with the enemy. Afterwards came the order from Captain Nolan to capture the guns. This gallant soldier, in leading the men down the valley, was the first man shot, receiving a bullet in his chest. Some say that he screamed, but I never heard it at the time. You did not know how the deuce you felt when you saw the enemy and the guns on every side; but picture to yourself what your sensations would be on the occasion. The order given, to the best of my knowledge, was "Walk, trot, gallop — charge!" My first horse was shot under me a very short time after we started. After being dismounted, Sergeant Fleming was near me, and I caught hold of the bridle of his horse. He said, "Leave go, or we shall both be killed." The bridle slipped out of my hand, and as the horse passed me I managed to catch his tail, to which I held on for a few yards; but the pace at which he was going was too much for me, and I was obliged to let go. Shortly afterwards I saw a horse belonging to the 4th Light Dragoons coming towards me, which, after some difficulty, I succeeded in catching, and, mounting it, I proceeded down the valley.

We captured the guns, and killed as many of the gunners as we could; but of course we could not hold the battery — the odds were too much against us. Colonel Douglas gave the order to re-form the line, and join the 17th Lancers, with the object of recharging the guns; but, upon finding out that he had made a mistake in thinking they were our comrades, the colonel said, "Gallop, men, for your lives!" I was close to him when he said it; and we galloped away as fast as we could, for the enemy was surrounding us on every side. The plain was strewn with dead horses and wounded and dying men. When we returned — I can hardly tell how we came back — the "rollcall" was read over, and then we got an idea how fearful had been the slaughter, and of the number of comrades missing. We were dreadfully cut-up, and felt sorry for our brave companions-in-arms, whom we could not bury in consequence of our being beaten off the valley. Our camp was afterwards shifted. The officers were very brave, and urged the men forward in every possible way, and everybody did their best. One of the principal incidents connected with the charge was the interchange of horses that was going on both up and down the valley. If a man was dismounted, which was a most common occurrence, he caught the first horse that presented itself. Of course riderless horses were numberless, and many of the poor creatures were almost mad, the blood pouring out in great profusion from many of them, owing to the bullet wounds they had received. They rushed up and down the valley, sometimes even to the very mouth of the cannons, not knowing where to go or what to do; and this, as might be expected, added greatly to the confusion of a scene which was indescribable.

Henry Joy, 17th Lancers relates: I was trumpet major of the cavalry division, commanded by General Lucan. On the morning of the 25th October, 1854, as General Lucan and his staff were riding down the plain, all of a sudden some rifles were discharged at us, unfortunately killing Captain the Honourable Walter Charteris, aide-de-camp to the Earl of Lucan. After proceeding some short distance further we witnessed the blowing up of a Turkish redoubt. The Earl of Lucan got wounded in

the foot, while several officers, who had come to join the staff, were also slightly hurt. Shortly afterwards Captain Nolan brought the order from Lord Raglan to General Lucan

that the Light Brigade was to immediately attack and prevent the enemy from taking the guns. His lordship said that it was impossible, and that he had no supports or guns near him to assist in the attack; but Captain Nolan still persisted in the instructions that he had received. The Earl of Cardigan was then sent for, and to him was given the order. In the meantime the Earl of Lucan had sent Captain Walker, aide-de-camp, to the officers of the heavy cavalry, commanding them to bring up the Heavy Brigade in support as quickly as possible, which was done, and they came in position in line on the same ground as that from which the Light Brigade had just charged down the valley. Some time afterwards Captain Lockwood, aide-de-camp to the Earl of Cardigan, rode up to me in a state of great excitement, without his busby, asking if I had seen Lord Cardigan. I replied, "Yes; he has just passed me," and I pointed in the direction which he had taken. The captain rode away, and I never saw that officer again. On the day following the charge I went down the valley with a flag of truce to General Liprandi, the Russian general in command.

The following is a copy from the original letter which was sent by one of the survivors to his uncle in England, the morning after the charge:

Balaklava, Oct. 26, 1854.

My dear Uncle —

We were yesterday attacked in our rear by the Russians; they had 15,000 infantry, 5,000 cavalry, and about ten guns. Early in the morning firing commenced upon the Turks; it lasted two hours, when they cut like cowards, and their guns were taken. Their cavalry then advanced. The heavy brigade charged them and drove them back. The Russian cavalry did not fight longer than ten minutes; they must be awful cowards. The light cavalry brigade were on the hill as a reserve, and could not get down in time to pursue, which was fortunate for them, for few would have escaped. Some little time after this Lord Raglan, who had been told the wrong position of the captured guns, ordered the light cavalry to charge and retake them. We had our orders, and we had to obey, though we saw it was a forlorn hope, and not one of us expected to return. There never was such a charge on record. Accordingly we formed in two lines; first, the 13th and 17th Lancers; second, the 4th, 8th, and 11th. We were drawn up at one end of the valley, the guns being at the other end; on each side of this valley was rising ground — on our right batteries of twenty guns, on our left batteries of six guns; these were flanked with cavalry. Infantry and rifles were also formed on our right. We had to go over a mile and a half of ground before we could reach the guns. Directly we started they all commenced firing, and so did the infantry, when within a hundred yards of them. I must tell you that the guns we charged were nine twelve-pounders, so you may imagine how we were mowed down by the cross-fire.

As we reached the guns, a hussar regiment, 800 strong, retreated, so we could only succeed in cutting down the gunners; having no support it was an impossibility to take even a man, much less a gun. We pursued the cavalry as far as we could to a river, when they suddenly turned upon us. At that time there were not twenty of our men together. Imagine our surprise, on returning, to find a regiment of lancers, one of hussars, and another of Cossacks, formed in our rear. We rallied as many of our men as we could, and then, with a right good British cheer, rode smack through the

hussars, and most of us got back to line. My horse was wounded in the side and leg before I reached the guns - and in attacking a dismounted gunner, who, to prevent me from cutting him down, ran his sword into my horses leg - and it was with the greatest difficulty

I could get a trot out of him; but, by the help of God, I managed to get back; but not without fighting, as you may suppose. When I had fought myself well through, and thought myself safe, three Cossacks, seeing, as I suppose, the disabled state of my horse, came after me. I guarded the first fellow's point, and gave him a slight point, and he went on. The next ran his lance through my pouch-box, which is made of silver, and so saved me. The third caught me in the ribs, but the point of his lance being broken off, it only bruised my side. Was that not a lucky escape? I had, before that, other fortunate escapes of being cut down — only I was too sharp for them. My revolver was of great use to me.

The 17th Lancers went into battle 145 strong. When we mustered, we only had 34 horses not wounded: 99 were killed; 79 men killed and wounded; seven out of ten officers killed and wounded. We have now only three officers. Thank God, I am one. The 13th went in 125, and only mustered 29 horses.

In the Light Brigade I hear there are 24 officers killed and wounded. I have been obliged to destroy my horse, poor beast. He had a piece of shell in his side, and a ball in his right leg. We have a large force of Russians in our rear, but we do not fear them. — Believe me your affectionate nephew,

ARCHIBALD CLEVELAND, 17th Lancers.

Subjoined is another extract from a private letter, sent by Mr. G. A. Price, 1174 of the "E" Troop, to one of his comrades: "All Captain Hutton could muster of the old "E" troop was twenty-eight, on the morning of the charge. We came back numbering seven. I was one of the seven. There is one little incident I well remember. On the night of the 24th the only shirt, drawers, and socks I was possessed of had been washed, and when we got the order to turn out, I did so minus shirt, drawers, and socks, leaving them on the bushes to dry, and while engaged in the charge, strange to say, I was even then thinking whether some Russian would have the pleasure of wearing my shirt. Captain Hutton led us up to the guns; it was poor Cornet Sparks and Sergeant-Major Hubert, who dismounted to cut the traces of the horses attached to the Russian guns. I saw them both fall. I was left quite alone once. My comrades were shot right and left of me. The last two men I saw fall were poor Tommy Houlton and Charley Marshall. I grieved very much for my horse, E 40, for, after bearing me through the charge without a scratch, he died of starvation, strange to say, with a sack of corn on his back."

Mr. William Cullen, late of the 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own), writes as follows: "I do not know whether my old comrade Jack Fleming has turned up at any of your meetings. I shall be happy, indeed, to see him once again, as I had the pleasure of saving his life in that dreadful charge in which so many of my poor comrades fell. This is how it happened: When retiring, after driving the Cossacks into the river Tchernaya, I came up to poor Jack, who had three Cossacks attacking him. I had the pleasure of "skewering" one, when the other two bolted, not seeming to care about stopping in our company. We were then by ourselves, those of our comrades who were left having ridden on. The Polish Lancers were extended right across the valley; we rode up to them, when they put spurs to their horses, and let us go through. All honour to them; for if they had opened fire on us there would not have been one left to tell the tale. We had then to go through the cross-fire to reach our lines, and on



my way I saw poor Bob Lazell lying wounded, with his horse beside him and several Cossacks murdering him. I could not assist him, though my heart was good.

I reported the matter to Lord Cardigan, and Lord Raglan sent a flag of truce the next day to General Liprandi, the Russian commander, to know why it was allowed. He replied that he would be answerable for his own soldiers, as they were Christians, but would not be for the Cossacks, as they were not paid, but employed in the time of war to harass the enemy of a night and to plunder and destroy all they possibly could. As for fighting, they were no good. Another incident you will doubtless remember. The time when the horses of the Russian Greys got loose, the cry was, "Turn out! Turn out! The Russians are in the lines." I was very tired at the time, and thought of having a comfortable night, it being very foggy. I got into a biscuit sack with my boots and spurs on when the blessed spurs worked through the bottom of the sack, and completely made a prisoner of me for the time. The adjutant came to see me, saying that if I stopped there I should be cut to pieces. I told him that I could not help it if I was; I must take my chance, for I could not get out. At length I got my sabre, and cut the bottom of the sack. Had it been a fact that the Russians had turned out, I should not have stood a chance. I must say I never tried a biscuit sack again. I am sorry indeed that our brave Cardigan is dead. I am sure he would have been proud of such a thing as a banquet coming off, and it would have been a pleasant sight to have seen him at the head of the remains of his little gallant band again; but though he is dead his name will never be forgotten, especially among us who have the honour of wearing the Crimean medal with four clasps; also the Turkish medal."

The following is an extract from a letter written by R. Owen Glendwr, late of the 8th Hussars: "I served in the 8th on the morning of the charge; my horse was wounded near the first battery on the right. I dismounted, and caught a horse belonging to the 13th Light Dragoons, and rejoined the 8th. When wheeling to return at the end of the battery I charged the Polish Lancers with the 8th, and my horse was wounded in the chest by a splinter of shell. I was taken prisoner, but was left on the ground while the Lancers followed the 8th up the valley. I was slightly wounded, but managed to crawl some distance, and after great trouble and pain from my wound I caught a remount of the 4th Light Dragoons, which was riderless."

At the committee meeting last night a list of invitations to officers was made out, and amongst those invited to the banquet were General the Earl of Lucan, General Sir Geo. Bingham, Assistant-Quartermaster Fellows, General Sir Thos. M'Mahon, Colonel Maude, Colonel Shakespeare, Lord George Paget, General R. de Solis, Colonel M'Lean, General Sir G. Wombwell Bart., Lord Tredegar (formerly Sir Godfrey Morgan, 17th Lancers), Colonel White, &c.

The arrangements in Liverpool for conveying such members of the Light Brigade as stand in need of help to London have not yet been concluded. The matter as regards the local men will be taken into consideration at a meeting to be held this day at the Stork Hotel, Queen's-square. It is to be regretted that the regulations of the London and North-Western and Midland Railways do not permit of a free pass being granted, and on this account the companies have had to refuse applications which were made to them. The claims for admission to the banquet are to be subject to a rigid scrutiny. Subscriptions are coming in liberally, and it is hoped that a sufficient sum of money may be raised to create a surplus after paying all expenses, which will be appropriated for the benefit of the indigent survivors of the "Six Hundred."

We have received the following contributions- £1 5s, collected at 12, St. Paul's, by L. R. U.; 2s 6d from T.H.S.; 10s from the Cab and Omnibus Men, and a few friends at the Cabmen's Shelter, Camberwell-green; £2 1s 6d and £1 5s 6d, collected by George Latham, late orderly-room clerk, 17th Lancers; 2s 6d from G. Cooper, gatekeeper, Royal Naval Hospital, Great Yarmouth, late 8th Hussars; £1 1s from Captain Johnson, Ovenden-House, near Halifax, late 13th Hussars; 1s from a Despised Redcoat, Canterbury; 5s from a few friends at Mr. Culver's workshop, High-street, Ware, Herts.

“DAILY TELEGRAPH” Oct 19th, 1875: p.3.

#### THE BALAKLAVA BANQUET,

No reply has yet been received from General de Cissey, the French Minister of War, respecting the attendance of the representatives of the celebrated Chasseurs d'Afrique, who rendered such gallant and important service to the Light Brigade. It will, however, be interesting at the present moment to recall to our readers the nature of these services, and we therefore quote the following eloquent description from Mr. Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea:"

"It was with a generous admiration, yet also with a thrilling anxiety, and with a sentiment scarce short of horror, that the French saw our squadrons advance down the valley, and glide on, as it were, to destruction; but especially was strong feeling aroused in that warlike body of horse which stood ranged, as we know, on the left rear of the ground whence our Light Brigade had advanced. "Though originating in arrangements somewhat similar to those by which our irregular cavalry in India is constructed, and although mounted on Algerine horses, the horsemen called 'the Chasseurs d'Afrique' were French at the time now spoken of, and they constituted an admirably efficient body of horse; but if all the four regiments which composed it were equal the one to the other in intrinsic worth, the one which had had the fortune to be in the greatest number of brilliant actions was the 'Fourth'. From the frequency with which the corps had chanced to be moved in Algeria, it went by the name of the 'Traveller' regiment. From the period of its merely rudimentary state in 1840, home down to this war against Russia, the career of the regiment has been marked, by brilliant enterprises. When the Duc d'Aumale performed that famous exploit of his at Taguin, overruling all the cautions addressed to him by general officers, and resisting the entreaties of his Arab allies (who implored him to wait for his infantry), it was with this 'Fourth' regiment of the African Chasseurs, supported only by some Spahis, or native horsemen, that the youthful Prince broke his way into the great esmala of Abdel Kader, swept through it like a hurricane, overtook and defeated the enemy's column, cut off its retreat, rode down the Emir's new battalions of regular infantry, and made himself master of all. After the Duc d'Aumale himself, no one perhaps knew better what this famous regiment could do than that very General Morris, the officer commanding the whole of the French Cavalry Division, and now present in person with his first brigade; for he it was who with this superb 'Fourth,' and one other of the regiments of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, had issued at the battle of Isly from that famous amassment of troops which Bugeaud used to call his 'boar's head,' and carried by his onslaught sheer ruin into the army of Morocco. This was the General who had ridden down to be present in person with the troops of his first

brigade; and this 'Fourth' was one of the two regiments of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, of which the brigade consisted. General d'Allonville commanded the brigade.

"During the earlier moments of the fatal advance down the valley, it could not but be difficult to infer that the operation was to be one of an irrational kind, there being at first no clear reason for imagining that the Light Brigade would really descend betwixt the open jaws of the enemy, instead of proceeding, as Lord Raglan had ordered, to recapture the lost Turkish heights; but when, after some time, Morris saw that our Light Brigade was still moving straight down the valley, and avoiding the heads of both the enemy's columns, in order to run the gauntlet between them, he could not, of course, help perceiving that a terrible error was in course of perpetration. He was not, however, a man to see this and stand aghast, doing nothing to succour the English. He resolved to venture an enterprise in support of Lord Cardigan's attack, and on one side at least of the valley - Lord Lucan was on the other with his heavy dragoons - to endeavour to silence the enemy's fire. The force which he determined to assail was the one which lay nearest to him, the one under General Jabrokritsky, on the slopes of the Fedioukine Hills, and the immediate object of his intended attack was a battery — divided into two half-batteries of four guns each — which was guarded on its right by two battalions of foot and on its left by two squadrons of Cossacks. General Morris chose for this service his famous 'Fourth,' or 'Traveller' regiment of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and General d'Allonville, the officer in command of the brigade, was himself to conduct the attack. Accordingly, the chosen regiment moved forward under d'Allonville. The front of the assailing force was formed by two squadrons of the regiment, under the immediate command of Major Abdelal, and these were supported by the two remaining squadrons of the regiment under Colonel Champeron. Champeron's two squadrons were in echelon; and it seems that, though acting in support to the first line during the earlier part of the advance, these two squadrons, upon approaching more closely to the enemy, were to incline away to their left, and then, bringing round the left shoulder, to fall upon the two battalions of foot, which constituted the infantry support to the guns.

"The ground about to be invaded was much broken and scrubby, being encumbered with a tall undergrowth reaching up to the girths of the saddles but the want of smooth even turf was not likely to be discomposing to men who had learnt war in the ranges of the Atlas. Abdelal's two squadrons, advancing briskly in foraging order, and bringing round the left shoulder whilst moving, broke through the enemy's' line of skirmishers, and having by this time a front which was nearly at right angles with the front of the Russian guns, drove forward with excellent vigour upon the flank of the nearest half-battery, and already were near to their goal, when, with singular alacrity, the guns of the half-battery thus attacked, and those also of the other half-battery which had not been directly assailed, were limbered up by the Russians and briskly moved off at a trot, whilst the two battalions of foot which constituted the infantry supports to the guns fell back all at once, without waiting for the impact of Champeron's two squadrons, then rapidly advancing against them; and, moreover, the Cossack squadrons on the left of the battery which constituted its cavalry supports went about and began to retreat. Then, to arrest the overthrow with which he seemed menaced, or to cover the retreat of his guns, General Jabrokritsky put himself at the head of two battalions of that 'Vladimir' regiment, which had proved itself well just five weeks before in its fight with our troops on the Alma, and proceeded to hazard the somewhat rare enterprise of advancing with foot-soldiers against cavalry; but already the object of General Morris had been attained, and — exactly, as it would seem, at the right moment — he caused the recall to be sounded. In an instant the

victorious squadrons glided back to their place in the brigade; and it soon appeared that

the losses, though involving certainly a considerable deduction of strength from a body of only a few hundred horsemen, were small in proportion to the brilliancy of the service these squadrons had rendered. They had ten men killed (of whom two were, officers), and twenty-eight wounded; but in the course of the swift moments during which these losses befell them, they had neutralised (for the requisite time) the whole of the enemy's infantry on the Fedioukine Hills, had driven his artillery there posted into instant retreat, and in this way had not only done much towards the attainment of a general victory, but, failing that result, had prepared for our Light Brigade, whenever the moment for its retiring up the valley should come, a complete immunity from one at least of the two flanking fires under which it had been condemned to advance... Well imagined, well timed, undertaken with exactly apt means, performed with boldness as well as with skill, and then suddenly at the right moment arrested and brought to a close, this achievement was not only brilliant in itself, but had the merit of being admirably relevant, if so one may speak, to the then passing phase of the battle, and became upon the whole, a teaching example (on a small scale) of the way in which a competent man strikes a blow with the cavalry arm. The troops engaged in this enterprise were not the fellow-countrymen of those whose attack they undertook to support; but that is a circumstance which, far from diminishing the lustre of the exploit, gave it only a more chivalrous grace. The names of General Morris and General d'Allonville are remembered in the English army with admiration and gratitude."

We have received the following contributions: Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the painter of the "Roll Call, £3 3s; collected by T. P. W. and W. J. L., 18, Old Bondstreet, £3.1s; collected from the Members of the Macdonald Lodge of Mark Masters, No. 104, at Mason's Hall, Coleman-street, £1 5s; G. W. Hunt, late captain 4th Light Dragoons, Brighton, £3; J. Phillips, superintendent of police, Neath, late of the 1st Life Guards, 2s 6d; Two Granddaughters of a Peninsular Officer, Tottenham, 10s; collected by W. Barker, late sergeant-major 17th Lancers, at Leighton Buzzard, £1 7s 6d; a Mite from Hucknall Torkard, 3s; Colonel Drury Lowe, 17th Lancers, £5; Captain G. Gardner, late 13<sup>th</sup> Light Dragoons, Northallerton, £1 11s 6d; Messrs. Cuff and Sons, Cockspur-street, £1 1s; F.N., £1 1s [\*]; Great Eastern Railway, £5; Captain Gratrex, late 13<sup>th</sup> Hussars, £2 2s; collected at Refreshment Bar, University of London, Burlington-gardens, £1 15s 6d; The contribution of 25s, acknowledged on Saturday from L. R. B., St. Paul's, should have been 72, St. Paul's churchyard.

The London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company have granted the request of the committee to convey survivors of the Six Hundred over the line free of cost. "DAILY TELEGRAPH" Oct 21st, 1875: p.3.

#### THE BALAKLAVA BANQUET.

The following letter has been received from Miss Florence Nightingale:

"London, Oct. 20.

"Sir — I beg that you will be so good as to thank the 'committee organising the Balaklava Banquet' for the honour that they have done me in inviting me to be present at the anniversary of the 'Charge,' whose wounded we received at Scutari, and to say for me how deeply I regret that it is impossible for me to accept, as I have been for years entirely a prisoner to my room from illness and overwork — which work still I do, thank God: but that I am ever the Army's and their faithful servant,"

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. "Mr. Edward R. Woodham, Chairman of the Committee."

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\* Note: "F.N." may have been Florence Nightingale (DJA, see p.29)

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE DAILY TELEGRAPH."

Sir - I can vouch for the authenticity of the following: On the morning of the charge a butcher of the 17th Lancers, named Vye, asked a comrade, "What's the row over there?" and he was told that the Russians "were playing the very d— with them." Attired as he was in his blue blouse, red cap, jack boots, and with his sleeves tucked up, he immediately borrowed a horse of one of the Scots Greys, and rode up to his own troop, who were just preparing for the charge. "Who is that?" said the colonel, "That is the butcher," was the reply. "Send him away at once," remarked the officer. He then went to the 11th Hussars, but he was sent away from them also. He then made his way to another troop in his own regiment, and on the captain inquiring of the sergeant-major who he was, and being told it was the butcher, he said, "Oh, let him alone; I wish I had a hundred such men." This Vye of his own free will charged with the Six Hundred into the valley, and not only returned alive, but brought in a prisoner. When the meritorious medals were being distributed Vye's name was mentioned to the officer, as one who was more deserving of the medal than those who had been compelled to take part in the awful ride, because his avocation demanded his presence elsewhere, and the action upon his part was purely voluntary.

The medal was eventually awarded to him, and at the presentation the colonel asked him what he could do for him, as he could not promote the man on account of his being a bad scholar, but the butcher said he didn't know what they could do for him, unless it was "to always let him drink as much grog as he liked," upon hearing which the colonel said, "Well, as there really does not appear to be anything else I suppose it must be so."

If this man Vye is alive he is entitled to be present at the banquet, where he would meet with many of his old comrades, who can corroborate the facts I have narrated. I thought this little episode might be interesting to your readers, and therefore worthy of publication.—

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J.WREN, late 10th Hussars.  
19, Hack-road, Woolwich, Oct. 19.

Lord Tredegar writes to Mr. Woodham: "39, Portman-square, Oct. 18, 1875. Dear Sir — I have this evening returned from abroad, and hasten to answer your letter. I shall be glad to give £5 towards the expenses of the Balaklava banquet, and hope to be able to be present. - Yours faithfully, TREDEGAR, late Godfrey C. Morgan, 17th Lancers."

We have received the following contributions: Fred. Carlisle, 5s; subscribed out of the funds of the Robin Hood Rifles, No. 9 Company, and by several members of the Company, per H. Worth, Nottingham, £3; the Workmen, Attendants, and a few sympathisers at Middlesex County Asylum, Colney-hatch, £1 5s 6d; Five Clerks at Vauxhall Station Goods-Offices, Great Yarmouth, per R.W., 2s 6d; R.G., Worthing, 5s; Camden Bowling Club, 14s; Subscribed by Gentlemen using the Coffee Room at the Eaglet, Seven Sisters-road, £3; James Armitage, Marsden, £1; Mr. Padmore, 5s; A Friend, per E. A. Boulter, 6s; M. Bush, late Sergeant-Major, £2 14s.

The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company and the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway have, in addition to the companies already named, promised to convey men coming to the banquet free of charge.

"DAILY TELEGRAPH" Oct 22nd, 1875: p.2.

THE BALAKLAVA BANQUET.

The following letter has been received by Mr. Woodham from the Poet Laureate:

"Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight,  
"Oct. 20, 1875.

"Dear Sir—I cannot attend your banquet, but I enclose £5 to defray some of its expenses or to be distributed, as you may think fit, among the most indigent of the survivors of that glorious charge. A blunder it may have been, but one for which England should be grateful, having learned thereby that her soldiers are the bravest and most obedient under the sun.

"I will drink a cup of wine on the 25th to the health and long life of all your fine fellows and, thanking yourself and your comrades heartily for the cordial invitation sent me, pray you all to believe me, now and ever, your admiring fellow countryman, "A. Tennyson."

From the limited space at the command of the committee they have had considerable difficulty in dealing with the requests received, in some cases from persons of distinction, and in others from gentlemen who have offered liberal donations to the fund, for leave to attend the banquet. Inasmuch, however, as it has been found absolutely necessary to exclude even some of the survivors of the "Six Hundred," no such requests could, of course, be entertained, and, so far as the officers and men themselves are concerned, no invitations have been issued to others than those who were actually concerned in the gallant charge. It may be stated a considerable number of officers have signified their intention of being present, and that fresh applications continue to pour in.

It has been announced that Mr. Pennington, who is now acting at Manchester, would recite "The Charge of the Light Brigade" in the banqueting-room; but this is now regarded as unnecessary, since Mrs. Stirling will recite Mr. Tennyson's ode in the concert-hall.

The Mayor of Exeter and a committee of his fellow-citizens have got up a collection in aid of the expenses of the Balaklava dinner, and promise to forward the proceeds, as well as contributions in game, poultry, fruit, cream, and flowers, by tomorrow night.

A correspondent signing himself "One Who was Really in the Charge" calls attention to the following question that has appeared in a provincial contemporary. "Is it not odd that there should be some 200 persons claiming a place at the banquet as survivors of the Balaklava charge, when it is a fact that of the 600 who rode down the valley only 198 came back?" Our correspondent accounts for this apparent discrepancy owing to numbers of men having, been left on the field for dead, who were afterwards picked up and sent home or to Scutari, belonging to the 11th Hussars alone. There were, moreover, some prisoners taken in that regiment; and if these facts be true in that one instance, they must, he urges, also apply to the other four regiments comprising the Light Brigade. He further states that many applications are from men who never professed to have been in the charge, but who were anxious to be invited to meet their old comrades after an interval of 21 years.

We have received the following contributions: Lieutenant-Colonel A. Tremayne, late 13th Hussars, £5; Major E. Lennox Jervis, late 13th and 11th Hussars £5; Major Jervis, who forwards both amounts, writes that he and Colonel Tremayne each commanded a troop of the 8th Light Dragoons (now Hussars) in the charge, Colonel Tremayne being then a captain and the writer a lieutenant. Both had their horses shot under them, and of the eight officers of the regiment that went into action three were killed. Subscriptions received by the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, £3; A Few Admirers of British Valour, per Roland Lee, Wolverhampton, £6 10s; A Few Friends at Messrs. Gillow's, £2; Mr. Dalton Tacey, £1 1s; Employees of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company (Coach Department), 15s 6d. The postoffice order for £1 7s 6d, already acknowledged from W. Barker, of Leighton Buzzard, was contributed as follows: Mr. George Franklin, £1; Mr. R. Richmond 5s; Mr. D. Panting, 2s 6d. Mr. Barker has since collected the following subscriptions: Mr. John White 10s; Mr. Charles Claridge, 10s; Mr. W. Green, 5s; Mr. R. Purrett, 5s; and Mr. W. S. Green, 10s. Commander H.T. Ellis, R.N., 10s; collected at the Elvin Cricket Club annual dinner, 10s; A Few Admirers of Bravery in Wolverhampton, per J. Smith, £2 17s; A Few Working Men at Hayes, 6s; J. W. Reece and J. Hockley, Chelmsford, 5s; A Few Friends at The Rose, Brook-street, per T. W. H., 5s; Charles C. Higgins, late Captain 13th Hussars, £1 1s; "Captain Portal's Daddy," 4th Light Dragoons, £2 2s; collected by Mr. H. W. Parker (one of the survivors), at Eton College, £4; An Admirer of Soldiers, 2s 6d; B. Seadon, £1 1s; Samuel Norton and Friends at the White Swan, Wapping, £1 1s; Brown and Son, Princess-street, Hanover-square, £5 5 s; Holmes and Son, Peckham Park-road, 10s; Chocolate Coco, a little boy, sends 1s, his mother 1s 6d, and a friend 1s; Veritas, 1s.

"DAILY TELEGRAPH" Oct 25th, 1875: p.2.

#### THE BALAKLAVA BANQUET.

Lord George Paget being unable to take the chair this afternoon, for reasons which can only be most creditable to his instinctive sense of high soldierly duty, the senior officer present will preside at the banquet. Lord Lucan and Lord George Paget

will, however, probably drive down to the Alexandra Palace in order to take some share in the interesting proceedings that have been announced. No official intimation has yet

been received with regard to the arrival of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, but it is confidently anticipated that the corps will be represented at the banquet. The naval attaché of the Italian Embassy will be present at the dinner, owing to the fact of there being no military attaché of that Government at present in England.

We have received the following further subscriptions: Sir T. W. M'Mahon, Bart., C.B., £5; Colonel Learmouth, £5; Mr. Williams, of Birkenhead, £9 15s; collected by a few gentlemen in Spitalfields Market, £4 3 s: Mr. Anderson, late Surgeon 8th Lancers, £2 2s; Dr T. Hunter, late 4th Light Dragoons, £1 1s; from the Employés at 31, Old Change, £2 5s 9d; Arthur Cotton Beare, late 13th Hussars, £2 2s; Colonel Seager, late 8th Hussars, £2; F.M. Hudson, £1 1s; Cardiff, £1 1s: W. Purvis, £1 0s 6d; G. Vacher, £1; Cornet of Horse, 10s; B.W., 7s 6d; from Seven in Wolverhampton in recognition of the *esprit de corps* of the cavalry who took part in the charge, 7s; Charles Porter, 5 s; J. H., late 9th Regiment, 5 s; Gollickery, late of the Old Vamps, 2s 6d; J. Camp, 2s 6d; A. W. and H. A. F., 2s; Card Winning, 1s; Rosseter, 1s. The subscription list is now closed, and no further contributions will be received.

"DAILY TELEGRAPH" Oct 26th, 1875: p.3.

#### BALAKLAVA BANQUET.

Oliver Cromwell had his fortunate day, one that brought him, among other mercies, the crowning luck of Worcester fight, and we have just been reminded that there is a date in the calendar which seems to ally victory with the English arms. The 25th of October, if anybody cares to look closely into the matter, will be found a red-letter day in our "rough island story" all through the centuries, but chiefly on account of two achievements which are destined to shine brightest among brave deeds so long as history lasts. Yesterday was the 460th anniversary of the battle of Agincourt, and the 21st of the Balaklava charge. The concurrence is sufficiently remarkable, but is not one of date alone. Some parallelism may be traced in the circumstances of the two glorious fights. In each case a handful of Englishmen contended against a host of foes, and won a glorious name, while at home men's hearts failed them in anticipation of coming disaster. Those who remember the dreary days of the Crimean campaign, and the hope deferred that made sick the national heart, can sympathise with what history tells us of our fathers in the time of the Fifth Harry—how, to use the words of a contemporary chronicler, "about Friday, the 25th of October last past, a lamentable report, replete with sorrow, had alarmed the community throughout all the city, in the boundless grief that it caused; it being to the effect that, as to the army of our Lord the King, who was valorously struggling to gain the rights of his realm in the parts beyond the sea, and in which all our affections lay centred, all particulars lay shrouded here in mystery." Out of this mystery presently came a "trustworthy report," says the same record, "that our said Lord, our illustrious King, the Lord giving His aid therein, had by such grace gained the victory over his enemies and adversaries," whereupon did the Lord Mayor, Nicolas Wottone, the Aldermen, and other City dignitaries pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Edward at Westminster *on foot*, to mark their special gratitude; taking care to have the reason for such an undignified mode of travel made public, lest it may come to pass for a precedent in manifest

derogation of the laudable customs of the said City hitherto followed." In matters of detail history certainly did not repeat itself when news came that the Six Hundred had charged "into the mouth of hell;" but we may well believe that the heart of England beat as high



with pride and admiration on hearing the story from the Crimea, as it did after that of Agincourt. Anyhow, yesterday's doings at the Alexandra Palace proved that the lapse of twenty-one years has not abated the interest which the countrymen of the Balaclava heroes take in their doughty deed, nor dimmed the brightness of the letters of fire with which history burnt its record into her pages. Whether it would have been more fitting, and altogether more dignified, had the excellent idea of assembling the survivors of the Light Brigade been carried out apart from a public fête, is a question needless to discuss after the fact. The affair has taken place, and much may be passed over for the sake of the hearty interest shown in it by the thousands who assembled. We are sometimes told that our ancient national spirit has declined, but, if so be the pessimists are right, very little is needed to stir it up again. To judge by the demonstrations at the Alexandra Palace, the materials were present for a dozen Balaklava charges, with something to spare.

THE ILLUSTRATED LOXDCO' K5W8. Oct. 30, 1875. —120



At an early hour of the day crowds wended their way by road or rail to Muswell-hill, and when the special programme opened with the "unveiling of the Balaklava Trophy," there were plenty of lusty throats to cheer. About the trophy itself not much can be said. A figure of "Honour" holding a wreath, the flags of the allied nations, and on the plinth the names of deceased officers, made a modest show; but the space immediately around was occupied by a collection of relics at which, all day

long, the people were never tired of staring with curious eyes. Helmets, rifles, swords, uniforms, and every variety of battle spoil, from the baggage of his Highness Prince Menschikoff to the "kit" of Private Ivan Ivanowitch, were on view, together with Miss Thompson's "Roll Call" — always the centre of an admiring crowd — and the head of

the charger which carried Lord Cardigan up to the Russian guns and back again. But the hero of the show, albeit he had nothing to do with Balaklava, was the Arab horse ridden by Colonel Kent, of the 77th, not only through the Crimean campaign but through the Indian Mutiny. The "oldest charger in the British service," as he was officially described, is still on duty, and took part "with perfect success" in last week's review at Woolwich. How the horse-loving British public feted this distinguished animal may be imagined as they surrounded him continually with a dense ring of admirers, whose remarks, it is to be hoped, he appreciated in all their warm-heartedness, though, perhaps, the veteran, with work still in him, little cared to hear it said by a feminine sympathiser, "Bless his 'art! He oughtn't to have the saddle on no more!"

At two o'clock entertainment of a different kind was provided in the spacious theatre, which had long before filled to the doors. A varied entertainment it was, and one more remarkable for what is understood as the "popular element" than for either dignity or appropriateness. As usual on such occasions, the offers of assistance were numerous, and as many as possible were accepted, with the inevitable result — a programme made up of shreds and scraps. Details of much that was done are unnecessary. It will suffice to state, for example, that the performance opened with the farce of "Brother Bill and Me," in which Mr. G. Conquest took part. Then came Mr. Terry with a comic song anent "Hamlet," vastly pleasing to a section of the audience; and after Mr. Terry's humorous effort the Globe Company played the first act of Offenbach's "Les Brigands." But it was reserved for Mrs. Stirling to touch the heart of the audience, instead of tickling their ears; and to bring all minds into harmony with the occasion by a spirited and exciting delivery of Tennyson's famous ode. Prefacing the Laureate's verses with a few judicious remarks, the accomplished lady so worked upon her hearers as to rouse a spirit of intense enthusiasm. Men waved their hats and shouted, while women, in the intervals of wiping their eyes, used their handkerchiefs to flutter approval. Again and again did Mrs. Stirling come before the curtain ere the emotion she had stirred up calmed itself sufficiently for the performances to be resumed. Mr. Hermann Vezin next recited Doyle's "Spanish Mother," after which the Strand company took the stage with "Raising the Wind." Songs were sung by several members of Mr. Carl Rosa's Opera Company; and "Sairey Gamp," with Mr. J. Clarke as the heroine of the big bonnet and umbrella, closed the programme.

Simultaneously with all these doings musical performances took place elsewhere under the Palace roof; but as the hour for the dinner approached the guests of the day began to receive a due share of attention. On such an occasion of course the Army was strongly represented; and, look where one would, uniforms distinctive of all branches of the service met the eye. But it was not upon stalwart guardsman, dashing trooper, or sturdy artillerist that the public eye lingered so much as upon the grizzled men in civilian attire who moved about, in groups, bravely decked with medals bright as though just from the Mint. These were the guests of the day — the survivors not only of the slaughter of Balaklava but of the twenty-one years which have passed since then. Hale and hearty they looked for the most part, albeit some of them had left a limb on the fatal field; very proud wore they withal, and pleasantly conscious that the eyes of England were upon them. The gathering of these heroes

near the entrance to the dining-room attracted a multitude of curious and sympathetic lookers-on, through whom later arrivals had to force a passage as best they could. But, somehow or other, the much-desired goal — for the veterans were hungry — was reached, and then, after the Baron de Grancey, military attaché to the French Embassy, and Commandant Canavaro, of the Italian navy, had been welcomed with vociferous cheers, began one of the most interesting episodes of the day.

As though by some lingering military instinct, the warriors gathered in groups according to the regiments in which they served, here the Dragoons, there the Hussars, and yonder the Lancers. For the first time, perhaps, since the day of Balaklava comrade shook comrade by the hand, and many an act of recognition, rough, grotesque even, in itself, became eloquent and touching by force of circumstances. Two old Hussars, for example, approach each other with outstretched hands and inquiring eyes. They exchange cordial greetings before making any attempt at recognition, and then one says, "What's your name, old fellow?" "Smith; what's yours?" "What, you're not Nick Smith, surely?" "Nick Smith it is, but who are you?" "Don't you remember Ted Jones?" "God bless my soul, and how -," etc.

So the meetings and greetings of long-sundered comrades go on, till the spectator cannot resist the rude but genuine pathos of the scene, nor help feeling that for it alone the idea of the Balaklava Banquet was a happy one.

Due preparations had been made for the guests, and that part of the great saloon devoted to dining purposes was gay with appropriate decorations, as well as set off by tables laid with liberal yet judicious use of ornament. Over the chairman's seat was a trophy composed of statuary, flags, armour, &c, surmounted by shields bearing the names and dates of the battles of Agincourt and Balaklava, and by the historic words of Henry IV., "If we are marked to die, we are now to do our country loss, and if to live, the fewer men the greater share of honour." Around the walls were other devices — suits of armour from the Londesborough collection, mottoes in the languages of the allied nations, and emblazoned shields in number sufficient to present a really effective *coup d'oeil*. The marshalling of the guests to their seats was done by regiments in order of seniority, and, when all had taken their places — Colonel White, of the 17th Lancers, in the chair — it was seen that the officers, with a dinner of their own awaiting them, had not forgotten the claims of ancient comradeship. The gentlemen whose names appear below were received with no little pride by the men who had served under them, and must have felt amply rewarded for doing an act so full of grace and sympathy.

Once seated, there was no more hesitation in falling to at the viands than, under very different circumstances, there had been in falling on the Russians, and the items of a lengthy menu were attacked and vanquished as became such veterans. Apropos of the *menu*, which was in honest English, so as to be generally understood of the guests, praise is due to the very artistic character of its pictorial embellishments. A representation of the "Valley of Death," with the Light Brigade attacking the guns, though small in scale, brought the character of that magnificent blunder home to the proverbial "meanest capacity," and could not well be surpassed in spirit and vividness. After dinner the grace from the "Lauda Spiritualia" was sung by a choir, and the toasts began, Colonel White proposing in rapid succession "The Queen," "The Prince of Wales," and "The British Flag." How these and the music accompanying them were received at such a table there is no need to tell; but the interest deepened when Sir Edward Lee rose to give "The Survivors of the Six Hundred." The manager's speech, in some respects the speech of the evening, was frequently applauded, and the toast had an enthusiastic reception.

At this point, moreover, occurred the most dramatic incident of the day. The "survivors" were, of course, seated while the cheering in their honour went on; but as, suddenly, the trumpets of the 8th Hussars blared forth the cavalry calls "Walk," "Trot,"

"Gallop", "Charge," they started to their feet as one man and the old yell which twenty-one years ago reached the Russians long before their swords and lances, made the roof ring again. Never did superannuated hunter respond more readily to the cry of the pack than these heroes to the well-remembered sound. It kindled all their ancient fire, and not a man of them was unready to strike once more for "England, home, and beauty." Indeed a grey-haired veteran loudly expressed his willingness to "do" the charge over again at the shortest notice, and it was a long time before the "light of battle," so quickly aroused by the trumpet calls, faded out of the eyes of any of them.

The responses to the toast were slightly interrupted by the desire of a few among the "survivors" to ventilate some grievance, and, although order was promptly enforced, the proceedings from this point lost more and more of essential quietness and decorum. Silence was obtained for Mrs. Stirling's recitation of a short poem entitled, "Balaklava," and for Mr. Pennington's "Charge of the Light Brigade," the reciters being in each case applauded to the echo; but for the speeches, even when "The Memory of the Dead" was toasted, the guests cared little. An exception was, however, made in favour of Baron de Grancy, when that officer, who wore the appropriate uniform of Chasseur d'Afrique responded for "Our Gallant Allies." The Baron made a palpable hit by mentioning "our friend the enemy" in complimentary terms; quoting the first Napoleon's opinion about his worth as a soldier, and referring to the alliance sealed by the marriage of a Russian Emperor's daughter to an English Prince. His remarks were so well received as to show that no national animosity lingers even amongst those who took part in the fight, while the name of the Duchess of Edinburgh was received with general cheering. The remaining incidents of the banquet can be passed over, inasmuch as they had little to do with the prearranged order. Enough that lively and noisy expression, was given to the familiar query "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" amid a general determination that rather should it and would it be remembered while life remained to the last survivor of the "Six Hundred" — an unfortunate whom Sir Edward Lee had just before pictured as coming to the Palace to dine in grand but melancholy solitude. So, amid a scene of enthusiasm and excitement rarely equalled, ended the Balaklava Banquet, and once more "all that was left of them" separated to go their several ways.

The musical programme was entrusted to the band of the 8th Hussars, under Mr. Martin, and to Miss Ellen Horne, Miss Emily Mott, and Mr. W. Dalton, assisted by a choir, conducted by Mr. Weist Hill, with Mr. W. Shakespeare as accompanist. A grand military concert took place in the evening, and occasioned much enthusiasm among a crowded audience, the principal feature, next to the British Army Quadrille, being a patriotic song, with chorus, written by Mr. A. Emden, and set to music by Mr. Weist Hill. Fireworks and a performance on the great organ by Mr. F. Archer ended a day which, whatever may be said about it from some points of view, witnessed a great popular success.

The banquet took place in the saloon on the south-west side of the Alexandra Palace. Colonel White, of the 17th Lancers (the senior officer present) took the chair; and with the exception of Lord George Paget and one or two others, the survivors of the historic charge were present, the following being the invitations sent out: Lord George Paget, Colonel Trevelyan, Colonel Tremayne, Colonel De Salis, Colonel Sir Roger Palmer, Colonel White, Major Lennox Jarvis, Lord Tredegar,

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Sir George Wombwell, Bart., Captain Clutterbuck, Captain Johnson, Captain Hunt, Captain Malone, Captain Norton, Captain Berryman, Captain Wooden, Dr. St. Croix-Cross.

Rank and file: Edward R. Woodham, J. Hickey, J.B.Forbes, Dennis Heron, Edden John, Palin John, William Pitt, Frederick Short, James Whitby, Daniel Deering, Thomas Ryan, John Boxall, James Batton, Henry Keagan, Robert Ferguson, William

Thorne, Walter Best, William Butler, Peter Carroll, Thomas King, John Ford, George Baun, R. Owen Glendwr, G. Lay Smith, Wm. Williamson, John Breese, John Buckton, Richard Young, John Lawson, William Perkin, Isaac Hanson, John Ettridge, R. Evans, James Pamplin, John Brooks, Charles Warren, Joseph Gumage, Henry Taylor, William Grey, P. H. Marsh, Charles Aldous, Thomas Dyer, James Mustard, Sergeant Kennedy, William Travers, Thomas Mullins, Robert Harris, James Scarfe, Tiggoll James, Sweeney, G. D. Price, J. G. Baker, Fred. Armes, John Howes, John Holloway, James Devlin, Charles Macauley, Thomas Tremley, Robert Nichol, John Hogan, John M'Causland, James Hefferon, Robert Johnson, James Dewan, David Andrews, Isaac Middleton, Matthew Holland, Henry Jewell, William Smith, Richard Brown, William Bentley, John Proctor, John Glannister, Henry Parker, W. L. Rhys, Anthony Wilder, Robert Martin, James Gusterson, Seth Bond, James Fletcher, Charles Powell, David Grantham, Thomas Williams, Charles Cork, James Hodges, Thomas Alliston, N. W. Easton, Benjamin Beeston, William Watlin, Edward Martin, A. Mitchell, James Lamb, James Lincoln, Thomas Cooke, W. D. Colson, James Malanfy, James Cameron, Job Allwood, Henry Brown, J. H. Harding, John Allen, George Garnham, Frederick Peake, Joseph Rhodes, Edwin Leoney, J. D. Robinson, Joseph Reintly, John Baker, Thomas Marshall, Francis Dickenson, David Stanley, Thomas Allen, Charles Morgan, John Brown, Thomas Clarke, William Purvis, Thomas Morley, James Bloomfield, William Barker, George Herriott, James Nunnerly, Robert Williams, John Penn, John Mortimer, Richard Davies, and M. E. Lanfred.

To the immediate right of the chairman were Baron de Grancey and the Commandant Canovaro, and on his left were Lord Tredegar (formerly Sir Godfrey Morgan), 17th Lancers, and Colonel Trevelyan, 11th Hussars.

After dinner- the CHAIRMAN, who was loudly cheered, rose and said: Comrades—I am sorry for your sakes that I occupy this place. When I came here this evening I had no idea that I should do so; but, in the absence of officers whose names are now historic — Lord Lucan and Lord George Paget — I was asked to take this place, and I feel unworthy of it. ("No, no," and cheers.) I must say that I had a little feeling and some pride when I looked back twenty-one years, and thought that, as a young man, I had the high honour of leading, a squadron of direction along the side of our gallant chief, who is now dead and gone, and I thought that perhaps I am not altogether unworthy of rising before you. (Cheers.) I now rise to propose the toast of "The Queen," a toast which is dear to us all; and I think no men in England have ever given greater proof of their loyalty to the Queen than ourselves. (Cheers.) I drink to the Queen. I will say no more. Anything more would spoil the toast. (Loud cheers.) The toast was drunk with three hurrahs, and the "National Anthem" followed.

The CHAIRMAN: I rise to propose the second toast, one which will, I am sure, be drunk with as much loyalty and heartiness as the last. The Prince of Wales has gone to India. Let us drink not only to his health while there, but to his happy return. (Cheers.) Many of the gallant fellows whom I see around me have been to that

glorious country and many, no doubt, have shed their blood there. (Hear, hear.) I will do more than just propose the "Health of the Field Marshal his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales Colonel of the 10th Hussars." (Cheers.) God speed him on his journey and, send him safe home again! (Loud Cheers.)

The toast was enthusiastically received. "God bless the Prince of Wales " by the choir.

The CHAIRMAN: Comrades, we have to drink a third toast, "The British Flag." I know not what to say about it. (Laughter.) One could say so much that the best thing is to say nothing at all. That glorious flag of ours has for a thousand years braved the battle and the breeze. (Cheers.) I see men around me - many gallant fellows - who have all fought under it. (Cheers.) It is the flag which floats everywhere; and, by some extraordinary fatality, wherever it does float blessings seem to grow beneath it like flowers. (Cheers.) We will drink the toast with all due honours - "The British Flag!" - our glorious flag! (Loud cheers.)

"Come if you dare," Mr. Wilford Morgan and the choir. The trumpeters of the 8th Royal Irish Hussars sounded in succession the cavalry calls, "Walk, trot, gallop — charge!"

Sir EDWARD LEE: Colonel White, ladies, and gentlemen — I hope I shall be exonerated from the charge possessing more than an ordinary share of national vanity when I bring before your notice the toast of the day. This is no common anniversary we celebrate to-night, and these are no ordinary guests we have bidden to our board. On this day one-and-twenty years ago was achieved a chivalrous exploit — I use the word chivalrous advisedly, for in what does the truest chivalry consist but in a high conception of that little word - little, but pregnant with meaning — duty? That deed of arms, I maintain, was "above all Greek, above all Roman fame." The material results of the Balaklava charge may have been small, but its moral effect was magnificent. (Cheers.) A blunder it may have been, but a blunder rich in the noblest traits of soldiership, in valour impetuous, in fortitude uncomplaining, in devotedness sublime. A blunder it may have been, but it is one which shall shine luminous for ever on the golden roll of our military history — a blunder which shall set the pulses of our island race tingling with pride and their hearts throbbing with emulation, while shred of the Union Jack remains to be nailed to a British masthead or be carried in the midst of a British regiment to victory. (Cheers.) Sir Edward concluded by expressing a hope that the inaugural commemorative dinner might become an annual institution, and asked those present who were not in the charge to drink to the health of those who were - "The Survivors of the Six Hundred." (Great cheering.)

The regimental quick step of the 8th Hussars "Garryowen," was played by the band of the regiment.

Mrs. STIRLING, who was loudly cheered, said: I am an actress, as perhaps some few of you may know - (laughter) - and I am much more used to speak in public the words of others than my own; but I feel that I should like, in my poor way, to say to you how proud I feel to find myself in the presence of so many brave men.

(Cheers.) Courage and bravery are qualities especially dear to us poor cowardly women - (laughter) - and I feel my heart throb at this moment when I think of the impression which your gallantry and bravery must have made on all our hearts. I know at home it filled us with admiration - with pity - (cheers) - and with wonder, which have never decreased for twenty-one years, when, perhaps, some of you parted on that very field only to meet here again on this day - a day that will be for ever remembered in England as one on which was performed one of the greatest

and

brightest deeds in the annals of English history. (Great cheering.) You know, gentlemen, what one of our distinguished allies said of this memorable charge, "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre." On that text, I propose to recite to you two or three lines:

The scribbler in safety may fairly enlarge On the  
blunders we made in that terrible charge;  
But the bursts of our steeds and the stroke of our steel Caused  
the columns to waver, the squadrons to reel: (Cheers.)  
We were but six hundred; how many the foe, I We knew not, we  
cared not, we asked not to know, (Cheers.)  
'Midst the flashing of cannon, the musketry's-roll.  
We heard but our orders, we saw but our goal:  
The fire-fringed mountains we shook with our tread Front and  
flank were our foemen, behind us our dead;  
'Midst a whirlwind of carnage the guns we rode through,  
For slaughter too many, for conquest too few.  
Then breathless, but fearless, a passage we tore Through a  
death-dealing host where our dead lay before.  
It might not be war, the mad freak that we wrought,  
To learn the result, ask the Russ what he thought,  
Count the labyrinth'd legions that studded the track Where a  
regiment swept forth, and a troop straggled back.  
- (Loud and continued cheering.)

The CHAIRMAN: After the eloquent address of Sir Edward Lee and the heart-stirring recitation of Mrs Stirling we must all get on our legs — I mean the survivors (Cheers.) The men all stood whilst the toast was responded to.

Lord TREDEGAR, who was much cheered, said: Colonel White and Comrades — The proud duty has been allotted to me of returning thanks for the survivors. Our health has just been drunk. We have been toasted in the most magnificent way, and our actions have been spoken of in the most flattering manner; and we have just heard the most charming and most touching oration by Mrs. Stirling — an oration which has touched the hearts, I am sure, of every one of us. (Cheers.) What can I say — what can one of the survivors say, after what has been said? The first duty of a soldier is obedience, the next duty is modesty; and I never was a man of many words. (Cheers.) Mine is a very proud position to be in. It is a proud position to be able to return thanks for the Six Hundred. (Cheers.) I feel very gratified in being able to meet so many of my old comrades and I am sure, gentlemen, you must feel very gratified yourselves that your deeds, which took place so long a time ago, are not only still remembered, but are likely to be remembered for ever by your countrymen. (Cheers.) I am sure we thank very heartily those who have originated this dinner, and those who have provided for you; and we return our thanks to those to whom they are due for the splendid and magnificent way in which they have entertained the Six Hundred. (Loud cheers.)

Sir G. WOMBELL, who was also greatly cheered. Said: Colonel White and Comrades — After the excellent speech which you have just heard from my own brother officer, Lord Tredegar, I feel that I have scarcely anything more to add. It is not, and never has been, the custom of a soldier to make a long speech; and I am not going to be an exception to the rule. I wish to say how pleased I am to see you all, and especially those old 17th men — my own regiment, many of whom I see here



tonight. (Cheers.) I am extremely glad to meet them, and I trust they will live to see many more anniversaries of the 25th October. (Loud cheers.)

Colonel TREVELAN, who was much cheered, said: I have been asked to return a few words on the part of the 11th Hussars. The words have almost been taken out of my mouth, because before me have spoken many gallant officers. I must say, on the part of the 11th Hussars, that we have to thank the directors of the Alexandra Palace for the very magnificent entertainment they have given, us — an entertainment which has enabled us to mix again amongst our comrades of the other four regiments that took part in the charge. (Cheers.) We have all met before, and I hope we shall live many a long day to remember our friendship. (Loud cheers, and a voice: "Three cheers for the 11th," which were given.)

"The Light Brigade," by H. Weist Hill, words by Alf. Emden, - was sung by a select choir. Mr. Pennington recited "The Balaklava Charge" with great effect.

The CHAIRMAN: Let us lay aside our hilarity for one moment, and just let us solemnise ourselves, and think of the brave fellows who, twenty-one years ago we left behind us, never to come home again. There are few here who did not lose friends, some dear to them, and some both near and dear. The toast I have got to propose is "To the Memory of the Dead." The company drank the toast in solemn silence, and remained standing while the Dead March in "Saul," was played by the band of the 8th Hussars. Miss Emily Mott then sang "England's Dead."

The CHAIRMAN: The toast which I have now to propose will, I am sure, be one of the most acceptable to us all — that is, "Our Gallant Allies." (Cheers.) I will only just add — Where would many of us be tonight but for the Chasseurs d'Afrique? (Cheers.) Many of you remember how they put to silence the guns on our left flank by that brilliant and self-devoted attack of theirs. (Cheers.) May the French always be our allies! (Loud cheers.) I hope — and I am sure you will all join with me in wishing — that the blood which was shed by the French and English in the Crimea and on the 25th of October may have cemented the friendship between the two nations. (Cheers.) I must mention Italy, and the part her troops took in the Crimea. (Cheers.) I drink to the toast of "Our Gallant Allies," and I couple with it the names of the Baron de Grancey and the Commandant Canavaro. (Loud cheers.)

Baron DE GRANCEY, who was much cheered, spoke as follows in English: Colonel White and comrades — I hope I may be allowed to speak to you in that way — (cheers) — and after the words of Sir Edward Lee I think I may always call you comrades. (Hear, hear.) I have had no greater honour conferred upon me — and no greater honour could be conferred upon me — since I have been in this country as military attaché, as you know, than to be invited to this banquet. (Cheers.) The reason is that you may be called the brave among the brave. When I speak in that way I speak literally. After the day of Balaklava you were among the soldiers whom Napoleon I used to qualify in this way: "When a Russian soldier has been killed you cannot throw him down — killed, a Russian soldier faces you." I think no greater compliment can be paid to the bravery of any nation. (Hear, hear.) I consider this banquet from another point of view. I think it is a double protest of a kind which I am glad to see. Some time ago a book was printed trying to destroy the confidence between the French and the British armies. ("No, no," and cheers.) We did not deign to answer. The author especially attacked Marshal Canrobert, and we left the matter to the good sense of the British soldiers — (cheers) — and we left it to eye witnesses like Lord Strathnairn to believe what they ought to believe. (Cheers.)

There is another reason why I am glad to see this meeting. All over the world, unfortunately — and not a very long time ago I read it in this country — people

believed, and tried to induce credulous people also, to believe, that organising an army and keeping it in good order was exactly a similar business to putting together a set of people belonging to any trade, following any civil, commercial, or industrial occupation. I think that is a very dangerous idea. I will wait until I see six hundred people engaged in civil, industrial, or commercial occupations rushing against an express train to save the lives of passengers. I should like to see people of similar occupations going to remote countries where fever was to be met, simply for the sake of finding cheaper supplies of clothing material for their countrymen. I should like to see such people sacrificing their lives like the soldiers of the Birkenhead did, so that the women and children might be saved. (Loud cheers.) It was done, moreover, simply for the sake of duty. When I see it in other occupations I will be convinced and I will be glad, because I shall see that the two greatest military qualities — discipline and devotion — are spread all over the world. (Cheers.)

I think you have given, to the world — and especially to the allied armies — one of the greatest examples of those qualities. You not only gave that example to the allied army, you gave it to the Russian army, which occupied a position in warfare better than that of many other armies. (Cheers.) You have seen also, I may say, that in a time of peace the Russians in the most charming way, confided to your care your beloved Princess, her Royal and Imperial Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh. (Loud cheers.) I ask you to couple with the "Health of the Six Hundred" the health of her Royal and Imperial Highness, as the representative of Russian ladies. We men always drink to the health of the ladies, and I have a special worship for English ladies. (Laughter and cheers.) I remember Miss Nightingale in the Crimean war and her example in the last war. (Loud cheers.) The Commandant CANAVARO, in a few words, also responded.

Mr. WOODMAN proposed the toast of "The Host," which was responded to, and the proceedings terminated.

Yesterday evening the officers who were engaged in the combat of Balaklava celebrated the anniversary by dining together at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, when covers were laid for forty persons. General the Earl of Lucan G.C.B., presided, supported by Lieutenant-General Lord George Paget, K.C.B., Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Hodge, K.C.B., Major-General Sir Thomas M'Mahon, K.C.B., Major-General Clarke, C.B., Major-General Wardlaw, C.B., Colonel Portal, Colonel Hunt, Colonel Swinfen, Lord Tredegar, Lord Bingham, Hon. H. H. Jolliffe, Sir George Wombwell, Colonel Alexander Elliot, Colonel White, C.B., Colonel Mussenden, Colonel Fellowes, Colonel Grylls, Lieutenant-Colonel Sandeman, Colonel Sir Wm. Gordon, Bart., Major C. M'Donnel, Major Elmsall, Major Clowes, Captain Goad, Major Wilkin, Major M'Creagh, Major Jervis, Major Ferguson, Major Duberly, Major Manley, Major Prendergast, Major King, Captain Gole, Captain Scott, Captain Brigstock, Captain Hunt, Surgeon-General Mouat, C.B., Assistant-Commissary Sutherland, Assistant-Comptroller Murray, Mr. E Pepys, Mr. J. Pickworth, Mr. H. Harrison, &c. The banquet was served in the ball-room.

After the customary loyal toasts had been given by the President, and cordially responded to, Lord George Paget rose, and proposed the toast of the evening, "The Health of the Chairman." He said, "It is a very good custom, and one that has generally been observed, that the toasts proposed should be unaccompanied by speeches. (Hear, hear.) I don't wish to break through this rule, in giving to you the health of your gallant and respected Chairman, Lord Lucan, and I am sure you will

share with me in my best wishes that he will long continue in that good health which he now evidently enjoys. (Hear, hear.) But now I must ask you to permit me for once to break through the rule which has been generally observed, and to touch on a matter which, to a certain extent, may be considered perhaps to affect myself. You are all willing, I am sure, to do honour to the part which the Light Cavalry Brigade took in the charge, the never-to-be-forgotten charge at Balaklava, and I wish to state here the reasons that have prevented me from being present at the banquet given in their honour at the Alexandra Palace. It was a matter of fair question why the officers of the Heavy Brigade were not included in the invitation to that banquet.

This is not the place and I am not the proper person to dwell on the gallant deeds of the two brigades on that day. Suffice it to say that the services of the two brigades were so associated that I could not reconcile it to my feelings to take any part in the commemoration of the gallant doings of that day from which the Heavy Brigade was excluded. But because there was this exclusiveness it did not prevent me from sending my contribution towards the enjoyment of the gallant fellows meeting elsewhere to-day, although I must repeat that I did not expect that the banquet would have assumed the character it did, and I am not quite sure that the presence of officers on such an occasion, and in such a place, is quite in keeping with that which should have marked the occasion. I hope it will never be supposed that I have not the warmest sympathy with all who took part in the action on that glorious day; and I am quite sure that no officer present who belonged to the Heavy or the Light Brigade does not share this feeling with me. I have nothing more to say than that I most cordially propose the health of your gallant chairman, and let us drink it with three times three. Three cheers were enthusiastically given.

General Lord LUCAN, in responding to the toast, said: I cordially thank you, Lord George Paget, for the very kind manner in which you have proposed my health, and also for the way in which the toast has been generally received. I can assure you it affords me the greatest pleasure to meet my comrades of something like fifty years' standing. With regard to the Alexandra banquet, I may say that I heard nothing of it until I came to London from Ireland a few days since. I had nothing to do with it as far as its arrangement was concerned, but I at once observed that the object was to bring together, and give honour to the Light Brigade alone, and I felt this — more particularly admiring the Light Brigade as I do, and feeling also that their achievements on the great day we are now celebrating can never be surpassed - that one branch of the service had been neglected. It is well that feats of that kind, occurring twenty-one years ago, should be commemorated to-day. I have no hesitation in saying that it was impossible for any body of soldiers to conduct themselves more nobly, more splendidly than did the Heavy Brigade in connection with the charge of Balaklava. It is probable that they were not brought immediately into action, as were the Light Brigade, but had it not been for the position which they took, and the bravery they displayed, the enemy would have been able to burn our ships and inflict incalculable injury. It is therefore I feel that their efforts should have been acknowledged, and I now, therefore, take, the opportunity of bearing my testimony to their gallantry. Lord Lucan retired from the chair shortly after eleven o'clock, and after taking coffee the company separated.  
"DAILY TELEGRAPH" Oct 27th, 1875: p.3.

THE BALAKLAVA BANQUET - We have received the following additional contributions: George Henry Parr, £1 1s; from a few friends at Hainton, Lincolnshire, £1 13s; A.E.I., 10s; J.B., Bristolian, 3s; C.B.E., 1s; collected at Mr. Short's, Lower Clapton, 12s; C., Brighton, £1 1s; further subscriptions from Birkenhead, £3 8s 6d; Union Bank,

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Princes-street, £1 3s 6d; P. Morris and Co., Birkenhead, £1 1s; Rev. R. Halpin, Chaplain of the Forces, £1. The subscription is now closed.